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Looking Forward

ONE OF THE MOST remarkable phenomena of the last decade has been the attack of what, in lieu of a better name, might be termed "Smart Alecism," from which so many American journals and journalists have suffered.

SAID THE CYNICS: "American business men are Babbitts, and dullards. No magazine can succeed if it expects Americans to think. There is no place for a journal of inquiry and opinion. America has ceased to think."

THERE ARE SIGNS TODAY that the immense egotism contained in this naïve philosophy is beginning to be taken at its true worth. There are indications that the vogue of the Smart Alec is on the wane.

TODAY, MORE GENUINE biography is being written, read and appreciated than ever before. Sales of well considered books on philosophy, history and religion are mounting higher and higher. Manufacturers and executives disclose no such superficial attitude toward existence and business as the Smart Alecs would have us believe. And discussion of the problems of politics and society more and more engage the attention of ordinary men and women.

WHEN A BOOK SUCH AS the "Art of Thinking" reaches a best seller list, and Walter Lippman's "Preface to Morals" is made the May choice of the Book of the Month Club, what becomes of the premise that all Americans are merely light-minded? When magazines such as Harpers and the Atlantic keep forging ahead, and a Forum finds its place in the sun, who can longer doubt that the number of intelligent Americans is on the increase?

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST in its interest to us, is the absorbing fact that the Outlook and Independent now reaches thirty thousand more families than it did a year and a half ago. Publishers, advertising and circulation managers are deft and able; but they cannot create interest where none exists. America herself is becoming increasingly intelligent.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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HERBERT HOOVER
A drawing by Churchill Ettinger

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Outlook
and Independent
May 1, 1929

Which Way Hoover

By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

Mass production, with its attendant implications of greater and greater output, inevitably demands the world for customer. Quite as inevitably there will be other claimants for that customer; so that a possibility of the future is an economic world war on an unprecedented scale. On the other hand, mass production has "already put a severe strain upon the old economic theories which interpreted all human activity in competitive terms." Can our National experience be adapted to a wider scale? The question Mr. Norton asks is of moment to all of us

IN EUROPEAN countries, and to some extent in his own, Mr. Hoover is the personification of the expanding economic power of the United States. There would have been much significance in breaking the succession of politicians in the Presidency and electing an engineer, even if there had been no other circumstances surrounding the choice of Mr. Hoover. But in the present state of the world this break with tradition is easily invested with far-reaching implications.

Mr. Hoover's eight years as Secretary of Commerce went far to identify him with the post-war expansion of American business, one of the most portentous factors in the present-day world. It is not only that American productive capacity has been enormously enlarged; it is not only that American competitive power has been greatly increased; it is also the fact that international economic activities have begun to bulk much larger in the American consciousness. Because of this they are perhaps closer to the political life of the Nation, more immediately the concern of the Government, than at any previous time in our history.

It is not necessary to seek far for evidence of this new relation of business and Government. Hardly a day goes by without a report of some new request for a higher tariff to protect some American industry against foreign competition, or a request for a protest against some other country raising its tariff against the competition of American products. Not in modern times at least has there been anything like the present interest in shipping. Washington has given much thought to securing American participation in foreign oil deposits and to protecting the interests of American companies in countries where efforts are being made to establish government oil monopolies. The State Department has assumed a certain supervision over American loans abroad. And not a little of the support for the Cruiser Bill came from the desire to provide adequate protection for our foreign trade.

NO LONGER is it possible seriously to question our interest as a Nation in external economics. The Department of Commerce is the principal Government instrumentality for the promotion of our foreign commerce. As its chief, Mr. Hoover became the liaison officer between American economic power and American political power. There have been few to criticize the manner in which he discharged his responsibilities as Secretary of Commerce. His conception of that Department was an organization to pave the way for American business. By greatly extending the activities of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and by sending commercial attachés and trade commissioners all over the world, he rendered invaluable service to the large and influential portion of our population interested in commercial and industrial activities.

Ostensibly the work of the Department concerns itself chiefly with the accumulation of trade information and incidental assistance to American business representatives abroad. But it was impossible for a man of the broad vision and the scientific training of Mr. Hoover not to interest himself in other factors in international trade competition. It was not only desirable that American business men should have full and accurate information upon trade opportunities in foreign countries and that they should be assisted in realizing those opportunities; it was also desirable to protect the American consumer against extortion by foreign monopolies and price-fixing agreements.

Mr. Hoover denounced in no uncertain terms the Stevenson Act, by means of which the British rubber interests had restricted production until the price went to about four times what they themselves had declared to be adequate. With no less vehemence did Mr. Hoover point out that other governmental controls, such as that of Brazil over coffee, Mexico over sisal, and Chile and Germany over nitrates, were enabling the producers of those countries to charge the American consumers hundreds of millions of dollars annually in excess of normal prices.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the commercial and industrial elements in foreign countries should view the elevation of Mr. Hoover to the

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Presidency with considerable apprehension. He fits perfectly into their picture of a post-war United States possessed of unlimited resources, actuated by an enormous energy and imbued with an uncontrollable desire to dominate the trade, the finance and even the politics of the world. The accession to the Presidency of Mr. Hoover—the engineer, the efficiency expert, the field marshal of American business—lends itself readily to interpretation as a logical step in the advancement of America's economic hegemony.

If Mr. Hoover were inclined to put into the Presidency the philosophy and purpose which were quite appropriately his as chief of the Department of Commerce, he could easily justify these apprehensions. Were Mr. Hoover's election merely the promotion to the Presidency of an efficient Secretary of Commerce, he might be expected to use the wider opportunities and greater powers of his new office to render more effective his efforts to expand American business abroad. The Department of Commerce under his administration pursued its course without seeking any special support from the diplomatic arm of the State Department, which adhered more closely to its purely political tradition. As President, Mr. Hoover might marshal the forces of the Commerce Department, the State Department and American finance into a battalion of shock troops for American business, which would indeed give his Administration a sinister aspect in the eyes of the rest of the world. He might lead the United States into a career of world domination along lines which would closely parallel the course of great nations in the past, to which a happy combination of qualities and circumstances has given enormous power. In other words, Mr. Hoover might lead this country into a modern version of historical imperialism.

Such a future undoubtedly has its lure and it would appeal to many Americans. But the career of empire also has its penalties, not the least of which is the necessity for a constant application of force. Empire in the historical sense means war—always in the background and all too frequently in the foreground. Certainly there is little in the present temper of the American people which indicates a desire to exercise their newly acquired power for the acquisition of empire at such a cost.

Fortunately there is ample evidence that Mr. Hoover is not fired with the ambition to be known as the founder of an American empire. In the very speeches in which he has pointed out the cost to the American people of foreign commercial controls in rubber, nitrate, sisal and the others, he has taken care to call attention most pointedly to the dangers of attacking the evil by means of reprisals on our part. His answer to the government-supervised rubber control of Great Britain was not a government-supervised buying control for American consumers. It was to show us how we could make better use of the rubber we had, while we developed sufficient sources of supply of our own to break the foreign monopoly. Hoover's argument has generally been for economic rather than political solutions of such international trade problems.

President Hoover is quite aware of the menace to peace which lies behind Government participation in international commerce. It will be through no initiative of his that any attempt will be made to marshal the tremendous forces of American life into a unified drive for economic domination. If only Mr. Hoover's own predilections were to be considered, there would be no cause for concern. But the matter is vastly larger than the character of any one man, even though he be the President of the United States. All of the economic forces of all the nations of the earth are involved. Many, perhaps the great majority, of them will operate strongly to force Mr. Hoover—and with him the American people—in the very direction which they do not wish to take. Not the least powerful of these forces are at work in our own country.

The tariff is a center about which many of these forces play. When a demand is made for the increase of any particular duty it means that some group of American business men—with accepted propriety, be it said—are seeking Governmental action to increase the returns from their business. If the new rate of duty affects only isolated individuals in a number of countries, there may be little political effect abroad. But this is rarely the case. Increasing a single item of our tariff schedule is likely to bring a group of business men in some other country face to face with a problem quite as serious for them as that from which the American group is seeking relief. They, in turn, appeal to their government for some action which will protect their business. Perhaps this cannot be done directly, but, by way of retaliation, the tariff of that country will be raised on some item which is imported chiefly from the United States. This move sends another group of American business men to Washington for aid. And the process goes on unendingly. The governments become more and more deeply involved. And the comparatively innocuous rivalries of business interests rapidly transform themselves into dangerous antipathies between nations.

We have been carrying on a tariff dispute with France along these lines for several years past. Argentina is hostile because our schedules deny her producers free access to the American market. The impending revision of our tariff schedules of the Special Session of Congress has already roused fears and demands for reprisals in Canada. Conversely Japan's reported intention to raise her tariff on lumber which comes from America has set Washington pencils to figuring on the possibilities of a retaliatory increase of our duties on raw silk and tea.

The tariff is but one of the aspects of the problem. A considerable public sentiment has been mobilized behind the project to expand American shipping. There are perfectly logical reasons for this, reasons with a strong appeal to National sentiment. But every time an American ship is launched it means that much additional competition in the carrying trade. If there is Government support of any kind behind the new American ship it justifies an appeal by foreign ship-owners to their own governments for further subsidies. This induces calls for further Government action in this country and again governments are drawn into the rivalries of business.

Another matter in which the American Government has already been forced to take some part is that of foreign loans. The State Department, with the consent of the bankers, has assumed an informal control over loans from this country to foreign governments or foreign nationals. The Department makes no effort to examine the purely banking aspects of such loans. It limits itself to discouraging those which might be used for purposes running counter to the policies of this country. Thus loans were not made to European countries which owed us money on war debts until they had completed satisfactory funding arrange-

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ments. Loans for military purposes have also been out of favor. This control might readily be extended into other fields. Mr. Hoover himself is reported to have frowned upon a loan to Brazil to finance its coffee valorization scheme, which would have held up the price of coffee to American consumers. The charges that American banks have forced undesired loans on Caribbean countries with the help of our Government are, most of them, utterly without foundation; but it would be quite possible for the State Department and Wall Street to work together to increase the power of the one and the profits of the other.

There are innumerable other ways in which the economic interests of the American people and others are in conflict. The War debts, immigration, raw materials, sanitary regulations, concessions in undeveloped areas, oil resources, trade discriminations, are but a few of the items to be added to those already mentioned. All of them are big with the possibility of international disagreement. In most cases the economic and political forces of this country, if they were mobilized and their action unified under Governmental control, could overwhelm its opponents.

But this would be economic war. And the penalties of economic war, even aside from its ultimate expression in military conflict, are such that this Country has no desire to precipitate it.

There is probably adequate restraint in our own National life to hold in check any American elements which would wish to make the Government an instrumentality of their own success, even at the cost of an economic war. The final decision, however, may not rest with America alone. In the ten years since the Peace Conference the nations of Europe have been chiefly concerned with rebuilding their internal economy. Their preoccupation has afforded American business an opportunity to expand its activities abroad and to dispose of the enormous American production with comparatively slight opposition.

Today the task of rehabilitation in Europe is substantially completed. Henceforth Europe can turn more of its energy into the old channels of foreign trade. This means much more intensive competition and a very probable slowing down of the rate of American business development. Every indication of a slackening in the American business pace will reinforce the demand for Governmental action to maintain its present speed.

Perhaps if this were all, the pressure would not be too great in this country. But add to this the probability that in other countries, beginning with the less powerful economically, the governments may be driven to participate more generally in the commercial contest. The practice is contagious. No matter who starts it, it will spread to other countries.

Underwood

"THE ENGINEER, THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT, THE FIELD MARSHAL OF AMERICAN BUSINESS"

Thus there hangs in the future a possible, even a probable, development which may well tax the statesmanship of Mr. Hoover and his advisers to the utmost. The course followed by the United States will be one of the strongest, if not the determining factor, in this development. If we should take the lead in National mobilization for a world-wide economic contest, no other nation or combination of nations could prevent it. If we refrain from taking the initiative or if we refuse to follow the initiative of others, the crystalization of the forces of economic competition into national units may be avoided.

Refusal will be difficult enough if other nations are forwarding the process. It will be doubly difficult to refuse unless we have some alternative.

It will be Mr. Hoover's task to devise the alternative. Here his years of intimate association with American industry and commerce will stand him in good stead. For, because of the favoring circumstances under which our economic life has evolved, we have already put a severe strain upon the old economic theories which interpreted all human activity in competitive terms. The two supposedly irreconcilable elements, Capital and Labor, are in this Country rapidly coming to the conclusion that, for all concerned, there is more return in co-operation than in conflict. Not only are the two irreconcilable elements fairly reconciled, but each has begun to lose its identity in the other. A large minority at least of our laborers are already capitalists in a small way and the executive activities of employers have begun to secure appreciation as a necessary labor of direction instead of condemnation as exploitation.

The process which has brought about these changes has not reached its conclusion, even in this country. All its implications are certainly not yet understood. Yet it has gone far enough to demonstrate its real value in our National life. This is sufficient to warrant an effort to initiate some parallel process in the international world. There is no violence in the assumption that international co-operation would be more productive of returns for all concerned than an international competition in which so great a part of the energy of each participant is lost in victory or defeat.

There need be nothing of sentimentalism in such an attempt, any more than there is sentimentalism in the American employers' habit of paying higher wages than are paid anywhere else in the world. That is simply good business. And because so many American employers know it is good business, the

(Please Turn to Page 37)

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▶▶ Treason on the Blue Danube! ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

VIENNA.

AMERICAN jazz is conquering Vienna, the citadel of the waltz and of the best of light operetta music! For several years past composers of the gay, lilting tunes which have made this city famous have been abjuring them in favor of imitating the "barbaric" syncopations which, originating in the United States, promptly set out to march triumphantly around the world.

But the trouble is that the Viennese tune makers don't know how to compose jazz! They have abandoned something as natural to them as breathing or drinking their delicious "heuriger" wine for something which, try as they will, they cannot quite master. The result is that whenever a genuine American dance tune comes to Vienna it carries all before it. Because it has the rhythm and deviltry which only Americans seem able to impart to jazz, it is soon played here in every cabaret and whistled by every street urchin, whereas the locally manufactured brand of jazz must follow humbly in its wake. As for the old type of tune with which Vienna has delighted the world for decades, it still crops up plentifully every year, but it is under a cloud. A Johann Strauss melody is still as charming as ever, but somehow the tunes of his Viennese successors—with a few striking exceptions—sound as if the life had gone out of Viennese music, as if its present-day composers were a bit ashamed of trying to market such old-fashioned wares, as if their hearts were really in America a-hunting the jazz. But the trouble is that they can't catch the beast! For jazz seems to be as native to America as the highland deer to Scotland.

Some Viennese composers, to be sure, stick to what they know best. Franz Lehar, for instance. He whose "Merry Widow" set the whole world to waltzing and humming and whistling is still doing business at the old stand, turning out delightful tunes carrying in their every note the fragrant perfume of Vienna. Since the days of "The Merry Widow" and "The Count of Luxemburg" the fame of Lehar has waned in America, but not in his native city nor in the rest of Central Europe. While Americans have been busying themselves with ever wilder forms of jazz, while Europe has been eagerly snapping up these exotic offerings from over the water, the little, gray, dapper man who put Viennese operetta back on the map twenty years ago has resolutely refused to try his hand at the new syncopated rhythms. One after another he has turned out his tuneful scores; and even a jazz-ridden, jazz-maddened world has found itself unconsciously humming his irresistible melodies. Four or five years ago all Central Europe was pursing its lips to the notes of "Ich hab' ein blaues Himmelbett." And what a rival to jazz that insidious little song "Gern hab' ich die Frauen geküsst" was, year before last in Austria and Germany!

Yes, Franz Lehar sticks to his colors—the more honor to him! But how about Leo Fall? Shortly before his premature death a short time ago was he not constantly experimenting with American dance rhythms? And has not Emmerich Kalman been turning away of late from his beloved Hungarian dance measures and casting a longing eye at the syncopations of Broadway? There is treason abroad in the city of Johann Strauss, the Waltz King!

SO IT GOES with those who play music in Vienna cafés and night clubs. They, too, like the composers who have followed Johann Strauss and von Suppé, Gung'l and Milloecker, have been bitten by the jazz microbe, but they, too, cannot get the hang of jazz! Desiring to please visitors—Americans, especially— who go out to see the night life of Vienna, these musicians are continually rendering a sort of pseudo-jazz, a jazz with Viennese trimmings, instead of sticking to the melodies which seem to spring out of the very soil here and which they know how to play to perfection.

Many of the visitors, Americans among them, would far prefer to hear the genuine Viennese tunes instead of pale imitations of what they have been hearing to satiety before coming to Vienna. No matter! Fashion is fashion! Better American Jazz badly played than the home-grown article played as only the Viennese can play, say the infatuated natives of the metropolis on the blue Danube! So they go on picking their way gingerly over the notes of American tunes worn to tatters in New York two years ago, trying to swing into the rhythm of dance melodies which have been forgotten these twelve months on Broadway, while visitors from across the Atlantic listen pityingly and itch to get up and tell the musicians how to do it.

THIS does not mean that these are not good musicians. Heavens, no! They are probably as good as any in the world of night life! The trouble is that they are wasting their talents on something which is not for them, which seems to go flat and stale in the air of Vienna.

Just wait until they swing into one of the numbers that they really know and the difference is instantly apparent.

Ha! what is this they are tackling now? A waltz by Kalman? Something out of Lehar's latest? Good! *Now* we are in Vienna! Now we have lilt and rhythm and verve which these same musicians have sought vainly to put into the Irving Berlin tune they were playing a few minutes ago!

Ha!—keep it up, you fiddlers!—one, two, three—one, two, three! That is what one comes here to Vienna for, not for diluted jazz! Broadway is Broadway and "Wien bleibt Wien" and never the twain shall meet! One, two, three—one, two, three—you can imagine the ghost of old Johann the Waltz King looking on from Spectre-Land, nodding approvingly, after an hour of pulling wry faces at the saxophones and things without a name which have been shrieking and rioting and waking the nocturnal echoes in the city that he set to dancing fifty and more years ago.

Hurrah!—now it is "The Blue Danube" itself—as bewitching as the day it was composed—one, two, three—one, two, three—and now we have the "Fiaker Lied," that song with all the fun and light-heartedness of Vienna instilled into it. Hear how the people at the next table join in the refrain of it—and those at the table beyond—and at ten other tables!

Who wants jazz in Vienna? Certainly not Americans who catch the spirit of the city! It is as out of place as an open-air café on Forty-second Street! One, two, three—one, two, three . . .

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Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

In the first two installments, Mr. Schauffler sketched in the early life of the great musician and the beginnings of his liberation of music from traditional bonds. This section tells more of his human side. His growing irascibility, his panic at the approach of deafness, his encounters with women all belong to this period

IN THE SPRING of 1800 Beethoven went in for a contest of skill with a charlatanesque musician named Steibelt. The two met at Count Fries's house. While Beethoven merely played the rather simple piano part of his clarinet trio, Steibelt brought out a showy quintet of his own. And he improvised, tickling the ears of the groundlings with his *tremolos,* which were at that time a piquant novelty.

"Beethoven," wrote Ries, "could not be induced to play again. A week later there was another concert at Fries's; Steibelt once more played a quintet which had a good deal of success. He also played an improvisation (which had been previously prepared), and chose the same theme on which the Master had written variations in his trio. This incensed Beethoven and his admirers. He had to go to the pianoforte and improvise. He went in his usual (I might say, ill-bred) manner to the instrument, as if half pushed, taking the violoncello part of Steibelt's quintet in passing, placed it (intentionally?) upon the stand upside down, and with one finger drummed a theme out of the first few measures. In fact, insulted and angered, he improvised in such a manner that Steibelt left the room before he finished, would never again meet him and, indeed, made it a condition that Beethoven should not be invited before accepting an invitation."

Not long after Beethoven came to Vienna, Franz I, the new Emperor of Austria, laid aside the wig and adopted the frock-coat. This was, as the sprightly M. Hevesy remarks, the *"seul et unique changement qu'il daigna admettre"* (the sole and unique change which he deigned to concede).

With his First symphony and Second quartet, Beethoven also laid aside the (musical) wig. Not only his music and manners, but even his attire, came to express a profound independence of public opinion. He often dressed, not in a frock-coat, but in a costume appropriate to a ship-wrecked mariner. Perhaps he felt that he was a sort of musical Robinson Crusoe, the sole and lonely denizen and monarch of his own world.

An eccentric, uncouth and ugly provincial he had descended upon the musical capital and had, in the turn of a hand, attained such a social and artistic position as few great musicians had ever won in a life-time of struggle. His was a difficult personality, excitable, unrestrained, with lofty standards and small tolerance for the foibles of society or the shortcomings of his colleagues.

He was an outspoken man, with a tongue that could become, on slight provocation, like a whip-lash soaked in vitriol. He even went so far as to call a number of the leading local organists and conductors "hand-organists." Small wonder then that the rank and file of Viennese musicians revenged themselves with strident contempt and ridicule on this foreigner, this utterly irregular fellow, who had dropped from heaven knew where, to steal their thunder and elbow them aside. Except such outstanding persons as Weigl, Gyrowetz, Salieri and Eybler, few of them treated him worthily.[1] Even Papa Haydn, as we have seen, was not quite spacious in this respect. When Kozeluch heard the C minor trio, he flung it upon the floor and remarked to Haydn: "We would have managed that differently, wouldn't we, Papa?" And Haydn answered with a smile: "Yes, we would have managed that differently."

After his abstract labors on the B flat and "Pastoral" sonatas,[2] Beethoven found relaxation in 1801 in composing "The Creations of Prometheus," a ballet for Salvatore Vigano.

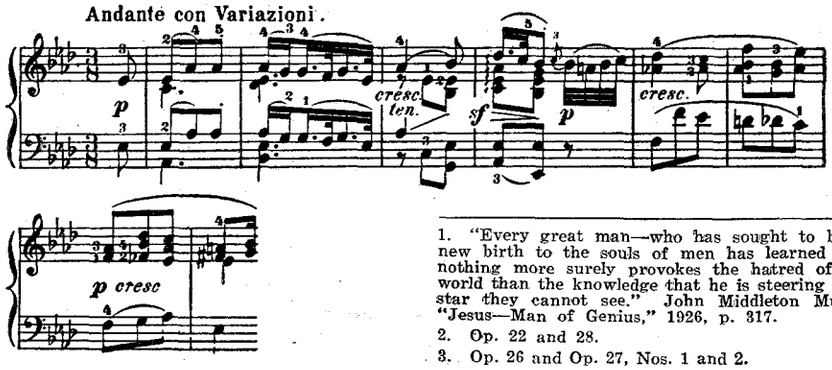
This dancer held much the same commanding position that Nijinsky and Pavlowa were to win more than a century later.

Significantly enough, the chief melody of this ballet was destined to figure in three of his other works, one of which was the theme of the variations that end the sublimities of the "Eroica" symphony. It seems almost as though Beethoven, dimly conscious of his own Promethean nature, used this melody somewhat as a sign-manual.

In the three piano sonatas[3] published in 1802, he again made one of his many fresh starts as a stylist, in commencing to handle the form more freely. He began all three slowly: two *andantes* and an *adagio.* He made several movements flow into one another. And he interrupted the opening *andante* of the E flat with a short *allegro.* These were tactics in Prometheus's campaign to free the art from the clasp of frozen forms.

Not that the slow beginnings of these sonatas were any more of an absolute innovation than his use of the term *scherzo,* or his substitution of a slowed-down *scherzo* for the usual *adagio.* The rococo masters had made tentative beginnings along this line. Mozart had commenced his A major piano sonata with a slow theme and variations. And Haydn, in his C major quartet had substituted an *allegretto scherzando* for a slow movement. The spirit of these Beethoven sonatas, however, was an absolutely new thing in the world. The Mozart and Haydn movements had the trifling tone of the old-fashioned rococo culture.

But Beethoven began the A flat sonata (Op. 26) with a theme of what has, earlier in this book, been called the Joseph Vance type.



1. "Every great man—who has sought to bring new birth to the souls of men has learned that nothing more surely provokes the hatred of the world than the knowledge that he is steering by a star they cannot see." John Middleton Murry, "Jesus—Man of Genius," 1926, p. 317.
2. Op. 22 and 28.
3. Op. 26 and Op. 27, Nos. 1 and 2.

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Its third and fourth variations offered prophetic witness that here was a man who, recreating Bach's miracle of the "Goldberg Variations," would shatter the old form to bits and build in its place something profoundly significant.

Beethoven found the variation one of the most superficially conventional of all musical forms. Developing it little by little, in the "Eroica," the "Appassionata," the Fifth Symphony, the B flat trio, the E major and C minor sonatas, the Ninth Symphony and the last string quartets, he made it an infinitely flexible, subtle, sensitive and eloquent medium for expressing the innermost mysteries of his being.

The variations of the A flat sonata are delicious. But the high light of the composition is the "Funeral March on the Death of a Hero." Here we have no mere transcript of history. This hero never lived except in the super-vital world of Beethoven's imagination. Originally, the Master began this composition simply in order to out-funeral-march an ephemeral but popular composition by Paer, an opera scribbler of the day. But once started, his crescent fancy soon made the situation so real to him that he created a piece which remains the ideal type by which all other funeral marches are judged. And this, in spite of the realism of those muffled drums which would have drummed any other composer backwards off the field.

There are almost as many and as foolish legends current about Beethoven as about his contemporary emancipator, George Washington. Some sentimentalist has invented a popular myth about the so-called "Moonlight" sonata.[1] There are several versions. One of the more imaginative holds that Beethoven was wandering the moonlit streets of Vienna when he saw a blind youth leaning on the arm of his beautiful sister, lamenting that he should never see the greatest of all musicians. Beethoven accosted them, went to their humble home, seated himself at the poor piano, and, inspired by the sightless orbs of the boy, by the *beaux yeux* of the maiden and by the moonlight pouring in at the casement, improvised the C sharp minor sonata. Then, rising to his full five feet, five, he revealed his identity, embraced them and rushed forth to dash down the inspiration.

As a matter of fact, the composition named in this legend should be called the "Moonshine" sonata. Moonlight was first mentioned in connection with it by Rellstab, the leading German critic of the day. He remarked in a review that the first movement made him feel as though he were seeing moonlight upon the waves of the *Vierwaldstätter See*. This was enough for that incorrigible urge, the popular mythopœic impulse.

Might not this movement have just as suitably suggested to Rellstab the atmosphere of a thick pine forest at noon? Or a father pondering darkly over the future of his genius daughter who is entering upon a doubtful marriage? Or the sunken bell? Or a homesick poet lost on a glacier? Or an earth-bound spirit regretting love and laughter? Or perhaps a prenatal dream of past bliss?

CARL AMENDA
Theological student and fiddler, one of Beethoven's adoring friends

One incomparable thing about music is that a bit of it, within certain wide limits, may mean almost any thing to almost any body. The romancer, who, by playing on mankind's juvenile weakness for bedtime stories, seeks dogmatically to belittle, localize and imprison the universal immensity of music within the narrow concrete walls of a single fiction, does the art an almost blasphemous wrong.

One thing about the C sharp minor sonata which means vastly more in the history of the arts than its possible literary significance is the way in which the great *arpeggios* of the *finale* are freed at a stroke from the superficiality and exhibitionism which had traditionally been associated with *arpeggios*, —and informed with a highly emotional personality of their own. So that they become no more than a means to a purely musical but deeply felt end. Further on, in connection with the composer's love-life, we shall hear more of this composition.[2]

We have already seen how, early in 1798, the curse of deafness came to Beethoven. It flashed like the handwriting on the royal wall, into a scene of plenty, happiness and triumph.

He had made fame, money and friends, although he sought to give them away—all but the fame—with both hands and with both fists. He could afford to be extravagant about apartments, and to set up a valet and a riding horse. Publishers competed sharply for his manuscripts. He was the favorite piano virtuoso of the day.

But all this time the menace kept whispering *crescendo* into his ear words scarcely more reassuring than the *"memento mori!"* which the Roman slave was bidden murmur into the ear of the general celebrating his triumph. In spite of everything that the limited medical science of the day could do, his hearing grew steadily worse.

Naturally Beethoven kept the trouble secret as long as he well could. He felt about his poor ears as a beautiful but aging woman feels about her poor cheeks and eyes and throat. When, on June 1, 1801, he knew the absolute need of a confidant, he sat down and wrote to an intimate friend who lived far away, —Carl Amenda, then a pastor in Kurland:[3]

"My good Amenda, my loyal friend: How often do I wish you were with me, for your Beethoven lives very unhappily, in constant conflict with nature and his Creator; oftentimes I have cursed the latter for making his creatures the sport of the most terrible chance, so that often the most beautiful blossoming is thereby destroyed and crushed; know then that my noblest faculty, my hearing, has sadly deteriorated. When you were still with me[4] I had intimations of this, but said nothing about

1. Op. 27, No. 2.
2. Excepting the early pieces for wind instruments, Beethoven's violin and piano sonatas are, on the whole, the least attractive items in the roster of his chamber music. Besides the "Kreutzer" only three others stand out as the product of an inner urge: those in F, C minor and G.
3. In the translations of Beethoven's letters his unconventional ideas of punctuation, capitalization and spelling of proper names have been faithfully followed.
4. 1798-1799.

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them; now it has been growing steadily worse, and whether it can be cured remains to be seen, the trouble probably comes from the condition of my abdomen; as regards the latter, I am almost completely cured, will my hearing grow better? I hope it indeed, but doubtfully, such diseases are the most incurable. What a sorrowful life I must now live, avoiding all that is dear and precious to me; and, too, among such miserable egotistical people as . . . . . etc. Oh how happy would I be if my hearing were completely restored . . . but as it is I must draw back from everything, and the most beautiful years of my life will take wings without accomplishing all the promise of my talent and my powers!—Sorrowful resignation, in this must I find refuge; I have of course resolved to raise myself above all this; but how will that be possible? . . . My affliction causes me the least trouble in playing and composing, the most in association with others. . . . I beg you to keep this matter of my deafness a profound secret and confide it to no one, no matter whom . . . . Your loyal friend who really loves you.

"L. v. Beethoven."

Note that even such a mind as Beethoven's could be so far unbalanced as to describe his physical ear as: "my noblest faculty." Only after some years did he come to realize that his ears stood to his imagination in somewhat the same humble relation as did Maelzel's Mechanical Trumpeter to a Stradivarius violin.

To his old friend, Dr. Wegeler, he wrote on June 29, 1801, after a description of his prosperity: "The only pity is that my evil demon, my bad health, is continually putting a spoke in my wheel, by which I mean that my hearing for the last three years has grown steadily worse. . . . My ears whistle and buzz continually night and day. I can say that I am living a wretched life; for two years I have avoided almost all social gatherings because it is impossible for me to say to people: 'I am deaf.' If I belonged to any other profession it would be easier, but in my own it is an awful state, the more since my enemies, who are not few, what would they say? In order to give you an idea of this curious deafness of mine I must tell you that in the theatre I must get very close to the orchestra in order to understand the actor. If I am a little distant I do not hear the high tones of the instruments and singers, and if I be but a little further away I do not hear at all. Often I can hear the low tones of a conversation, but not the words, and as soon as anybody shouts it becomes intolerable. It seems singular that in conversation there are people who do not notice my condition at all, attributing it to my absence of mind."

Some months later he wrote again to Wegeler: "I am living more pleasantly now since I began to mingle more with people. You will scarcely believe how lonely and sad my life was for two years; my bad hearing haunted me everywhere like a ghost, and I fled from mankind and seemed like a misanthrope, though I was far from being one. This change has been wrought by a *dear, fascinating* girl, who loves me and whom I love. I have had a few blessed moments within the last few years and for the first time I feel that marriage might bring me happiness; she is alas not of my station—and now—I certainly could not marry;—I must get out and lustily knock about the world. . . . There is no greater joy for me than to pursue and produce my art . . . oh if I were only rid of this affliction I could embrace the world! I feel that my youth is just beginning, and have I not always been a sickly person? . . . Every day I approach nearer the goal which I feel but cannot describe. Only therein can your Beethoven live. No thought of peace! No! I cannot endure it! I will seize fate by the throat; most assuredly it shall not get me wholly down—oh it is so beautiful to live life a thousand-fold!"

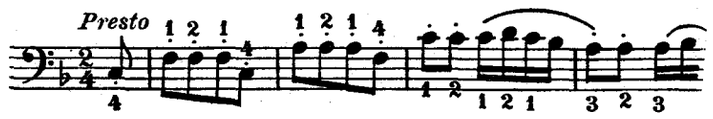
Later on we shall see more of the "dear, fascinating girl" referred to in this letter.

Meanwhile, however, the man had such terrific vitality that even in the lowest depths of despair he did not wholly lose his fighting spirit, nor his whimsicality, nor even his gaiety and sparkle. Consider the infectious jollity of the *fugato finale* which ends the F major piano sonata.[1] This was written shortly before the tragic *Largo e mesto*.[2] Think of the serene brightness of the minuet and the humor of the *rondo* which followed that cry of agony. Only the greatest geniuses have enough resilience to raise them from such sorrow as breathes through the *grave* and the *allegro di molto* of the "Sonate Pathétique," and immediately to break into such joyful melody as is contained in the works that follow.[3] This was a man whom nothing could down, a man who could walk through the valley of the shadow of death and turn the croakings of its ravens into a rollicking canon.

There is evidence, however, that many of Beethoven's statements about his own deafness were exaggerated; and that as late as the Eighth Symphony, written in 1812, his ears enjoyed many a good day when they heard speech and music with almost normal clarity.

As his trouble grew worse, he naturally looked more and more for help and comfort to his only living blood relations, his brothers. At the same time his natural absent-mindedness, greed, suspicion and irascibility increased. From this period in his life on, it must have been no simple feat to maintain pleasant fraternal relations with Ludwig so much as a fortnight. A man who was capable at any moment of turning savagely upon his most intimate friends would not be likely to mince matters with his younger brothers. (He once referred to Johann as a "relative in no wise related.") The fact that they avoided any permanent rupture with him is to be written down on the credit side of the ledger. And the great man's many poignant lamentations and accusations against them are only to be swallowed with pinches of salt.

For was he not the irresponsible genius who once took violent offense at a perfectly innocent remark of his dear friend and patron, Prince Lobkowitz? Beethoven was frothing at the mouth over the absence of the third bassoon from one of the "Fidelio" rehearsals. Lobkowitz tried to appease him by pointing out that the orchestra might be able to pull through for the present with the first and second bassoons. This made the composer so wild that on his way home he ran to the Prince's palace, thrust his head inside the great



1. Op. 10, No. 2.
2. Op. 10, No. 3.
3. Opus 14, Opus 15, the Lobkowitz quartets (Op. 18), the First Symphony, the F major violin sonata, the Serenade (Op. 25), the first half of the A flat piano sonata, (Op. 26), the opening of the E flat sonata (Op. 27, No. 1) and the *Allegretto* of the "Moonlight" sonata.

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doors and, to the stupefaction of the lackeys, bellowed: "Lobkowitz, donkey!"

On the other hand, no quantity of salt can disguise the fact that scarcely a single word has come down to us from Beethoven's contemporaries in favor of his brothers. The pair seem to have shared generously most of his defects, without coming in for his qualities. True, Thayer's great-hearted, though not wholly convincing apologia, cleared them of certain heavy accusations. But it remains well established that Johann and Karl tried to get Ludwig into their power and alienate his friends. They robbed him, gave out for publication compositions of which he was ashamed, and generally behaved like true sons of that bounder, John the Gullet-Baptist. There is no doubt that they materially intensified the tragedy of his life.

Karl, however, despite his dishonesty, was an invaluable aid to Ludwig as private secretary. His business letters were destined to add to the gaiety of music lovers. For he took his pen in hand and hawked about the lunar rainbows of sonatas and the crepuscular surf of symphonies, like so many measures of parnsips or pigs of iron.

Beethoven spent the summer of 1802 in that quaint village near Vienna which gave its name to his famous "Heiligenstadt Testament." He wrote it there on October sixth. Reading these tortured pages, one feels that at this time, but for his consciousness of the indestructibility of the creative force within him, he would surely have laid violent hands upon himself.

TESTAMENT.

For my Brothers Carl and Beethoven.

O you my fellow-men, who take me or denounce me for morose, crabbed, or misanthropical, how you wrong me! you know not the secret cause of what seems thus to you. My heart and my disposition were from childhood up inclined to the tender feeling of goodwill, I was always minded to perform even great actions; but only consider that for six years past I have fallen into an incurable condition, aggravated by senseless physicians, year after year deceived in the hope of recovery, and in the end compelled to contemplate a *lasting malady,* the cure of which may take years or even prove impossible. Born with a fiery lively temperament, inclined even for the amusements of society, I early was forced to isolate myself, to lead a solitary life. If now and again I tried for once to give the go-by to all this, O how rudely was I repulsed by the redoubled mournful experience of my defective hearing; but not yet could I bring myself to say to people "Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf." O how should I then bring myself to admit the weakness of *a sense* which ought to be more

"LOBKOWITZ, DONKEY"

perfect in me than in others, a sense which I once possessed in the greatest perfection, a perfection such as few assuredly of my profession have yet possessed it in—O I cannot do it! forgive me then, if you see me shrink away when I would fain mingle among you. My misfortune gives me double pain in making me misunderstood. Recreation in human society, the more delicate passages of conversation, confidential outpourings, none of these are for me; all alone, almost only so much as the sheerest necessity demands can I bring myself to venture into society; I must live like an exile; if I venture into company a burning dread falls on me, the dreadful risk of letting my condition be perceived. So it was these last six months which I passed in the country, being ordered by my sensible physician to spare my hearing as much as possible. He fell in with what has now become almost my natural disposition, though sometimes, carried away by the craving for society, I let myself be misled into it; but what humiliation when someone stood by me and heard a flute in the distance, and *I heard nothing,* or when someone heard *the herd-boy* singing, and I again heard nothing. Such occurrences brought me near to despair, a little more and I had put an end to my own life—only it, *my art,* held me back. O it seemed to me impossible to quit the world until I had produced all I felt it in me to produce; and so I reprieved this wretched life—truly wretched, a body so sensitive that a change of any rapidity may alter my state from very good to very bad. Patience—that's the word, she it is I must take for my guide; I have done so—lasting I hope shall be my resolve to endure, till it please the inexorable Parcæ to sever the thread. It may be things will go better, may be not; I am prepared—already in my twenty-eighth year forced—to turn philosopher: it is not easy; harder for an artist than for anyone. O God, Thou seest into my inward part, Thou art acquainted with it, Thou knowest that love to man and the inclination to beneficence dwell therein. O my fellow-men, when hereafter you read this, think that you have done me wrong; and the unfortunate, let him console himself by finding a companion in misfortune, who, despite all natural obstacles, has yet done everything in his power to take rank among good artists and good men.—You, my brothers Carl and , as soon as I am dead, if Professor Schmidt is still alive, beg him in my name to describe my illness, and append this present document to his account in order that the world may at least as far as possible be reconciled with me after my death. —At the same time I appoint you both heirs to my little fortune (if so it may be styled); divide it fairly, and agree and help one another; what you have done against me has been, you well know, long since forgiven. You, brother Carl, I especially thank for the attachment you have shown me in this latter time. My wish is that you may

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have a better life with fewer cares than I have had; exhort your children to *virtue*, that alone can give happiness—not money, I speak from experience; that it was which upheld me even in misery, to that and to my art my thanks are due,

GRAFIN GIULIETTA GUICCIARDI
"A dear fascinating girl who loves me and whom I love"

that I did not end my life by suicide.—Farewell, and love each other. I send thanks to all my friends, especially *Prince Lichnowski* and *Professor Schmidt*. I want Prince L.'s instruments to remain in the safe keeping of one of you, but don't let there be any strife between you about it; only whenever they can help you to something more useful, sell them by all means. How glad am I if even under the sod I can be of use to you —so may it prove! With joy I hasten to meet death face to face. If he comes before I have had an opportunity to unfold all my artistic capabilities, he will, despite my hard fate, yet come too soon, and I no doubt should wish him later; but even then I am content; does he not free me from a state of ceaseless suffering? Come when thou wilt, I shall face thee with courage. Farewell, and do not quite forget me in death, I have deserved it of you, who in my life had often thought for you, for your happiness; may it be yours!

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

SEAL

Heiglnstadt,
6th October, 1802.

For my brothers
Carl and
to read and to execute after my death.

Heiglnstadt,[1] *10th October*, 1802. So I take leave of thee[2]—sad leave. Yes, the beloved hope that I brought here with me—at least in some degree to be cured—that hope must now altogether desert me. As the autumn leaves fall withered, so this hope too is for me withered up; almost as I came here, I go away. Even the lofty courage, which often animated me in the lovely summer days, has vanished. O Providence, let for once a pure day *of joy* be mine—so long already is true joy's inward resonance a stranger to me. O when, O when, O God, *can* I feel it once again in the temple of Nature and of Humanity. Never? No—O that were too cruel!

The italics are Beethoven's. Consider the touch of coquetry involved in giving his age as four years too young. In this he was only following the lead of Father Johann, who had once publicly declared the boy prodigy to be two years younger than he was.

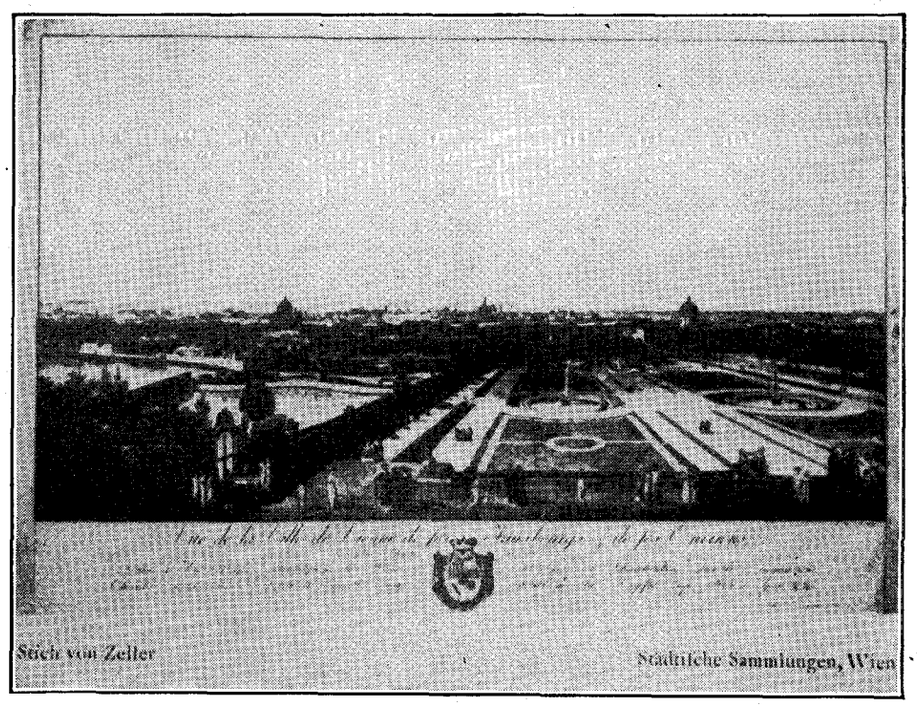
Notice the *significant omission of one* brother's name. Perhaps Johann had been unusually trying in those days. And observe in the style of the postscript, stammering and almost incoherent from excessive emotion, the counterpart in words of those moving measures in the *adagios* of the tenth, thirteenth, and sixteenth quartets, where the Master's too full heart seems to falter in his own natural language of tones. Grove thought the postscript might have been addressed, not to the brothers, but to some woman with whom he was in love at the time.

The suicidal gloom of this document represented merely a passing mood. And, after all, its lamentations were not for any possible effect of his deafness upon the thing that mattered most to him—his creative work—but merely because it hampered his outer relations with the world. From these depths he rebounded to the ebullience of one of his most fecund periods.

Beethoven's irascibility and tendency to suspect all and sundry were sorely inflamed by his affliction. Unless he has suffered from it, a normal person can scarcely realize how deafness affects disposition and emotional balance. For ten days, following an operation, the writer once had the experience of total deafness. His whole idea was to escape from people. When with them, he felt certain that they were all ridiculing him or conspiring against him. For so prominent a personage as Beethoven was at thirty-one, this effect would have been greatly intensified. He had the illusion that nearly all the world was

(Please Turn to Page 36)

1. Heiligenstadt is spelled Heiglnstadt by Beethoven, in both places.
2. By "thee" he means joy. Already he was planning that setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy" with which he was to end the *Choral* symphony more than two decades later.



VIENNA IN 1790

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The Trend of Events

Hold-Up, Model 1929

WHILE the $40,000 payroll robbery in New York seems placid compared with Chicago's murderous Valentine party, it was strikingly efficient.

Two bank messengers and a policeman, carrying a payroll in a taxi, saw a car streak past, swerve, and stop, blocking the street. Four bandits spilled out, two of them wearing machine-guns like new-fangled accordions, and played a very modern melody indeed. In a few minutes bandits, car, and payroll had vanished.

Such crimes, declares the public, banging its fist, must be stopped. But how? Echo answers, "How?"

Round up all available gangsters? Little ever comes of it. Set detectives to work? Jailing a criminal does not prevent crime. Declare a world war on lawlessness? One is predicted by former Police Commissioner Enright of New York as the probable outcome of an international police conference this fall. He prophesies a civilization mobilized against crime. The police, equipped with airplanes, wireless, and television, will pluck criminals like so many cherries.

A pleasing prospect; but so far, in use of modern inventions, gangsters have kept in step with the police, if not a step ahead of them.

There is force in the suggestion of a firearms expert that departments of criminal science be established at universities to remove crime detection from politics to scientific laboratories. This, at least, represents an effort to deal with the problem in fresh and realistic terms.

Child Welfare

THE REAL JOB, however, is one of crime prevention, not detection. It is for this reason that there should be widespread study of the report by a sub-committee of the Baumes Crime Commission. Dealing with means of preventing juvenile delinquency, it affords no while-you-wait cure for crime. The results of its recommendations for better housing would not become apparent over night; neither would the results of its program for supervised children's recreation.

The newly-announced gift of $10,000,000 by Senator James Couzens of Michigan to the cause of child welfare, coming soon after the Baumes report, looks much like an effort to furnish the surgeons with suitable tools. Senator Couzens stipulates that the money shall be spent within the next twenty-five years; he believes in helping one generation so that it may be able to help the next. He establishes no long-standing trust fund, wishing to see the effects of the money held in perpetuity, rather than the fund itself.

Perhaps Senator Couzens does not think of his gift primarily in relation to crime prevention, but, like the steps suggested in the Baumes report, it should tend to work that way, nevertheless.

Underwood

MRS. LOWELL FLETCHER HOBART

Newly elected President General of the D.A.R. at their annual convention in Washington

At the D. A. R. Congress

IN JUNE, 1928, the D.A.R.'s Board of Management expelled Helen Tufts Bailie. Upholding this action in its recent Continental Congress, and refusing to reinstate Mrs. Bailie, the organization has been clearly within its rights. Needless to say, any order may oust any member on any ground.

Mrs. Bailie is more interesting than impressive in repeating her charge that "blacklists" have been prepared of "radical" speakers to be barred from D.A.R. platforms. An association cannot be denied the privilege of determining its speakers for itself. Many organizations have formal or informal, written or mental, "blacklists;" in making them, of course, they command support to the degree in which their selections are endorsed by the public.

More important is Mrs. Bailie's further charge that Daughters have been expected to work for the exclusion of "blacklisted" speakers not only from their own platforms but from others in their communities, thereby implying a desire to curtail free discussion. It is to be hoped that no Daughters need examine their consciences on this score.

The Continental Congress which took action on Mrs. Bailie heard Secretary of War Good urge members to combat disrespect for law. However familiar, the plea scarcely can be made too often or greeted too cordially. In his New York address Mr. Hoover said that a surprising number of people believe that laws are for those who choose to obey them.

Particularly deserving of respect is our fundamental law, the Constitution, in defense of which, Daniel Webster fervently said, no man can suffer too much or fall too soon. Constitutional provisions guaranteeing freedom of speech, of the press, and of assemblage —these and allied provisions in our great Bill of Rights are basic; they give our national life much of its distinctive flavor. It might almost be said that the soundness of a citizen's Americanism is indicated by his devotion to their letter and spirit.

Birth-Control Raid

THE TENDENCY to insist upon strict observance of the Constitution's Fourth Amendment against unreasonable searches and seizures is encouraging. When the Coast Guard has substituted zeal for judgment, objections have not been more vigorous abroad than at home. Dry agents, rashly swooping down on private dwellings, have not escaped the lash of public opinion. We may have great need of a watch and ward society for liberty, as Clarence Darrow says, but not all

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Americans greet invasions of their rights with humble submission.

New York newspapers and citizens have rousingly denounced a police raid on a legally-established Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau. They have pointed out that the bureau never concealed its existence or procedure, have showed that to combat disease the State law gives these bureaus broad powers, and have indignantly asked why the police treated estimable doctors and nurses much as if they were desperadoes. In good round terms they have protested the seizure of confidential files. Here, the police not only acted contemptibly but, the Chief City Magistrate has ruled, acted beyond the scope of their search warrants.

To find this attitude taken in one city has been satisfying; to find it shared far and wide has been even more so. Out of the raid has grown a National movement for the organization of citizens' committees to discourage such police tactics. The demonstration of this spirit lessens the danger that public indifference may break down the vital Fourth Amendment.

It is interesting to note that a Federal court in Maryland has recompensed a man and wife for a reckless raid on their home by dry agents. The precedent so set should help to preserve ordinary and indispensable rights.

▶▶*Farm Bills in General*

THE HOUSE farm-relief bill, Will Rogers holds, is "just a political version of Einstein's last theory." In the circumstances some confusion on plans to assist the farmers is certainly permissible. The President's message on the subject is general rather than specific, though perhaps as definite as a message to Congress need be. Again even before Mr. Hoover had listed its ten weaknesses, the poor prospects of passage had kept the so-called Senate debenture plan from being widely studied. Moreover, the Hoover-endorsed House bill is discouragingly long. Finally, some who read it may conclude perplexedly that it does most of the things they have been told a farm bill mustn't do.

Those who believe the Government should be merely a big policeman are overlooking an opportunity to view with alarm. If the House bill is not first cousin to a measure by which the Government would advance a subsidy, plunge into business, encourage bureaucracy, limit prices, and restrain trade, it is a first cousin once removed. The House bill does not propose that the Government do all this directly; it saves its face by proposing that it be done indirectly through farmers' associations co-operating with a Federal board.

This is not to imply that the bill is unsound or unacceptable. The plight of the farmers is not denied; the necessity of aiding them is granted, and, in the President's words, "we must make a start." However it may violate the exceptionable old doctrine of every business man for himself and bankruptcy overtake the hindmost, the House plan will do for a starter. Any remedial measure is bound to be "an experiment," as Mr. Hoover puts it. Surely the House plan is an experiment "noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose."

▶▶*House Bill in Particular*

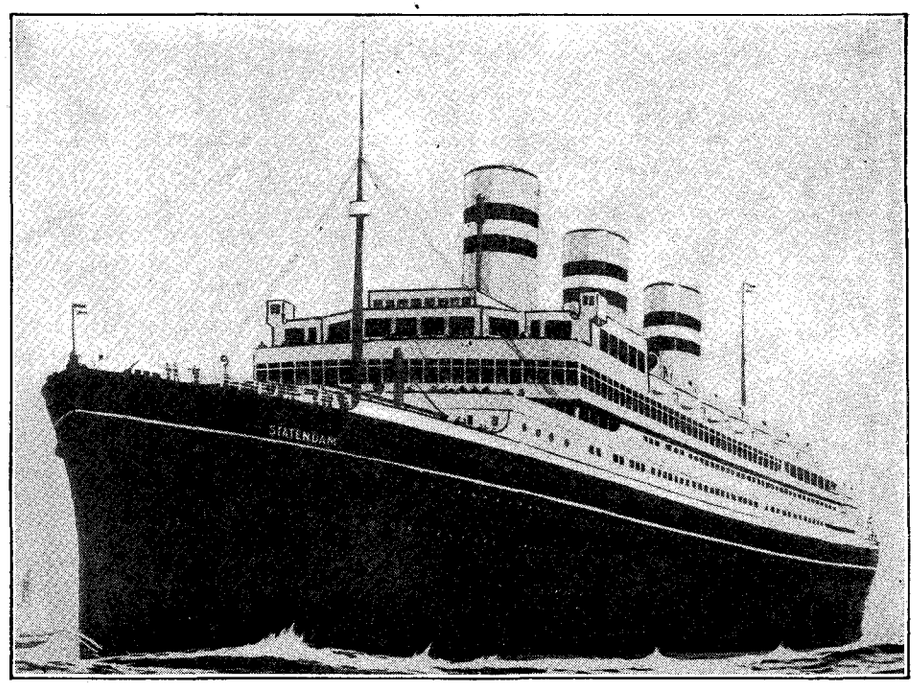
THE FEDERAL FARM BOARD established by the House bill would work with farmers' co-operative associations, clearing house associations and stabilization corporations. A co-operative association handling a given commodity would appoint a committee to represent it before the Board. On application by the association, the Board, using discretion as to security and interest rates, could lend it sums from the proposed $500,000,000 revolving fund to aid in merchandising the commodity, acquiring storage facilities, or adding members.

How long the revolving fund would revolve before being depleted is problematical. The optimistic provisions made for repayment do not guarantee that repayment always will be made.

When an association requests it, the Board also may assist in forming clearing houses, having co-operative associations as members, to effect the economical distribution of the commodity among the markets and to minimize waste. Similarly, when so requested, it may insure co-operative associations against loss through decline in prices. Money advanced under this plan shall, "as soon as practicable," be repaid from proceeds of insurance premiums.

Finally, the Board is authorized to make advances to stabilization corporations, having co-operative associations as stockholders, enabling these marketing agencies to purchase, store or dispose of commodities. The corporations may not withhold commodities from markets if prices have become "unduly enhanced."

The Board has many other functions as advisor, reporter, educator, and investigator. It is warned against making loans or insurance agreements when these might stimulate production of a commodity of which commonly there is a surplus beyond domestic requirements. It is also informed of the aims of Congress in formulating this bill. These are to minimize speculation, limit price fluctuations, encourage co-operative



A MODERN "HALF MOON" ARRIVES

The S. S. Statendam, the latest addition to the fleet of the Holland-America Line, arrived in the Port of New York on April 19th, 320 years after Hendrick Hudson sailed the first Dutch ship, the Half Moon, into the same waters

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associations, and control surpluses so as to maintain advantageous prices. Congress does not wish to see prices "unduly" high or "unduly" low. On the whole, it may be said that the Farm Board is given *carte blanche* to find the due mean between these undue extremes.

The bill has been written primarily to "place agriculture on basis of economic equality with other industries." Thus the purpose of the bill is broad, broader, perhaps, than its effect may be. Mr. Hoover in his message frankly pointed out that the difficulties of agriculture "cannot all be cured by legislation." This note might well be sounded frequently now that Congress is weighing the merits of measures designed to make the farmer happy all day long.

▶▶*Renowned Towns*

EUROPE MAY HAVE its Bayreuth, its Munich and Salzberg Festivals; America has its Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to which, on May 10 music-lovers from near and far will make a happy pilgrimage. The annual two-day event, under the directorship of Dr. J. Fred Wolle, has won high distinction for Bethlehem in musical circles.

Two more towns bid for attention on musical grounds. One is La Porte, Indiana, which, in proportion to its size, is said to have more residents actively interested in music than any other community. The other is Amarillo, Texas, where Mary Garden, the "unforgettable Mélisande," became an unforgettable Thaïs as well.

The Chicago Opera Company sang Thaïs in civic-spirited Amarillo, all unaware that Gene Howe, "News-Globe" editor, more or less established critic of manners, was a critic of music also. Mr. Howe announced that the singers, mistaking Amarillo for Toonerville, had "saved" their voices; he declared that Mary Garden tottered with age and that the opera "had been shamelessly cut."

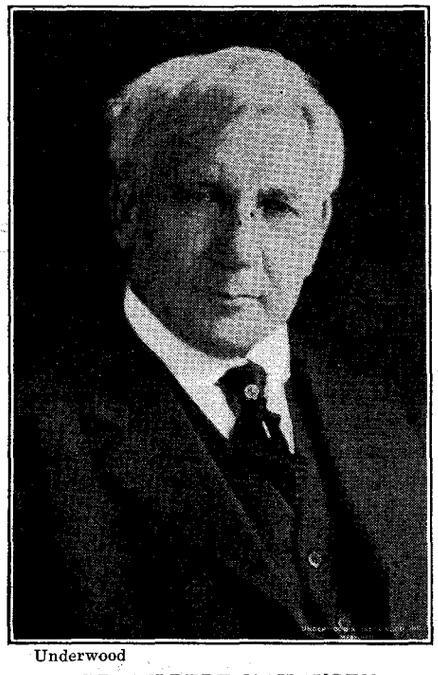
In vain has the management protested that the cut is always made and is sanctioned by the composer. Amarillo has intimated that if the opera can be deleted the check can be deleted, too, and has dared the managers to collect the full sum due.

Surely, having thus fairly entered the lists for good music the Texas town will not draw back. Persevering, it might become a discriminating haven for the orchestra of Leopold Stokowski, who has found Philadelphia audiences unsympathetic toward some of his experiments.

At any rate, thanks to its editor and musical astuteness, Amarillo enters our growing list of celebrated towns, which includes Dayton, Tennessee, of evolution-trial fame; Shelby, Montana, home of fight-fans; Provincetown, Massachusetts, Mecca for artists; and Needles, California, specialist in heat.

▶▶*Making Back-Tracks*

MAKING BACK-TRACKS becomes an international art. In England, "Emperor" Cook, Communist agitator, softened by the Prince of Wales's charitable work among British miners, announces that, henceforth, he will be a revolutionary "in theory only." Henceforth—or at least for a while.



Underwood

REP. GILBERT N. HAUGEN

Chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture

In England, again, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer Snowden crawfishes from an assertion made in opposing the Balfour principles under which Great Britain arranged her war debt agreements. He didn't mean that the Laborites would repudiate the agreements if they came into power in the coming elections. He simply meant that the Labor Party would be pleased if the agreements were more favorable to Great Britain and would seek to make them so. Conservatives, overjoyed at being given an election issue, insist that, since Mr. Snowden said what he said, he meant what he said.

In France, Dr. Schacht, German member of the reparations committee, occupied much of the recess declared because of the death of Lord Revelstoke, British member, with explaining that the German proposal which astonished the world had been misunderstood. The hint that Germany could not increase the unacceptable annuities she suggested unless some of her former colonies were returned was not an ultimatum. Germany did not introduce a political issue in a non-political conference. How could the other experts have thought so? In interpreting the original German proposals the experts were all out of step but Schacht.

In the United States, Senator Robinson, no longer bound to the views of Governor Smith, who sought to divorce the Democratic party from low-tariff policies, has gloomily announced that any tariff boosts in this Congress probably will be more harmful than helpful to the farmers. It is conceivable that the former candidate for President confronted the former candidate for Vice President with a quizzical, "How come?" when they met at a recent conference of Democratic chiefs. If Democratic Senators are to fix Democratic policies, as has been virtually decided, it is important for them to know just what these policies are.

▶▶*Good News for D X-ers*

THERE WILL BE jazz across the sea, it seems. Europe will share our daily dozens, stock-market reports, home economics talks and bedtime stories, according to the president of the National Broadcasting Association, who predicts organized world broadcasting for the near future. It is only a matter of adjusting details of wave reception before Americans, in turn, may tune in on the Volga boatmen or lectures at the Sorbonne.

Hand in hand with this comes the announcement that a bill proposing a Government radio station at Washington will be pressed at the present session of Congress. This station would broadcast departmental information, political speeches and Congressional debates.

Why not? It may be objected that Congressional proceedings are often dull. So are many radio programmes. It may be argued that members of Congress, conscious of their radio audiences,

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would play to the aerial gallery. Are they not conscious now that their words may appear in the newspapers?

A microphone in the Capitol might have excellent effects. Representatives would certainly sharpen ideas and groom phrases destined to reach from Washington to Warsaw. In the Senate, science might triumph over prolixity where Mr. Dawes could not. What softer persuasion for a Senator against long-windedness than anxiety lest Mademoiselle in Armentières yawn and cut him off for the Happiness Boys?

Peace-Preservers

THE ROADS LEADING to peace are many, if uncertain, and most of them are being either traveled or discussed. On April 22, France, fourteenth of the original signers, sent her ratification of the war-renouncing Kellogg pact to the State Department. As soon as Japan has done likewise, the pact will "take."

Representative Fish offers a resolution providing that, when war rages and the United States declares its neutrality, we shall ship no arms to belligerents. But might not his plan favor nations that can produce their own munitions and induce others to stock up in advance?

Ordinary diplomatic negotiation goes on as usual, appearing in the exchange of notes between Canada and the United States on the sinking of the I'm Alone. Ordinary arbitration is provided for in a Franco-American treaty which France has just approved. These two paths to peace are familiar and fair enough—as far as they go.

Back from Geneva, Elihu Root describes his work to improve the World Court and the steps taken to bring us into that tribunal. One of the most valuable instruments for the settlement of international legal controversies, the Court, aside from its advisory function, will handle no question not submitted by mutual consent of the disputants. Its great usefulness would be greater if its scope were broader.

Back in Geneva, the Russian delegates at the Disarmament Commission have made that body squirm with their scheme for arms reduction in proportion to the size of the reducers. The King of Italy realistically summed up the movement to preserve peace by scrapping armaments when he said that disarmament is "a generous aspiration, contradicted by continuous armaments on land, on the sea, and in the air." Italy must be "ever more efficient."

On the whole the peace plans are more significant than their imperfections. Each is faulty, but taken together they indicate that the will to peace, a promising sign, is widespread and still spreading.

Predicting Tidal Waves

OCEAN WAVES seventy-five miles from crest to crest have been reported by the volcanologist, Dr. T. A. Jaggar, who edits "The Volcano Letter," a weekly news leaflet of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association, but the waves were only a foot or two in height. Waves of this elongated type originate from submarine earthquakes and travel at immense velocities. The interesting thing is that Dr. Jaggar was able in the recent instance to predict their arrival several hours in advance.

HELEN WILLS
sailing on the Aquitania recently to participate in tennis tournaments abroad

An earthquake had occurred south of the Aleutian Islands near Alaska—seismographs have this evidence. The shock was transmitted through the intervening 2300 miles of rock under the sea in seven minutes. It took seven hours to come through the water, traveling five times the speed of ocean storm waves. Though the rise and fall was less than two feet, taking place every seven minutes, it might have been greater; in fact, on one previous occasion a similar occurrence in which the water rose and fell fifteen feet did much damage in Hilo harbor, swinging in and out for hours.

We tend to regard such waves as bizarre, yet two other great waves not dissimilar in speed and height travel perpetually around the earth under the attraction of Sun and Moon. These are the ordinary tides, too commonplace to be thought of in the same manner.

Even in lakes there are often analogous waves—analogous in their great length in contrast to their low height, but not analogous in cause, being neither true tides nor the result of earthquakes. These are called "seiches." Their origin is obscure, though one possible source is sudden change in local barometric pressure. These have been noted in the Swiss lakes and in some of the Finger Lakes of western New York State.

Bay State Book Law

THE "GUILTY" VERDICT returned by a Massachusetts jury against a seller of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" was not unexpected in view of the statute under which the case was tried. The one hope now is that the State Supreme Court may give the illiberal statute a liberal interpretation.

The Massachusetts Senate recently defeated the bill to liberalize this laughing-stock anti-obscenity law which permits books to be suppressed on the basis of any one passage, however short. The rejected measure would have made it necessary to consider not only the offending phrase, sentence or paragraph but the entire context and theme. In other words, it would have banned smut, as the present law does, and would have permitted the open sale of sound litera-

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ture, as frequently the present law does not. Not content with beating the bill, the Senate reconsidered it and beat it again.

So the old law stands. This is not the same as saying that it is doing or will do what it is supposed to do, i.e., outlaw not only all obscene books but all books containing any obscene language. There is plenty of booklegging as well at bootlegging in Massachusetts, and, whatever their statutes may imply, most of the people of Massachusetts seem unscandalized.

It is noted that the "Publishers' Weekly" for April 13 contains this item in its "Books Wanted" department: "B'kshop for Boys and Girls, 270 Boylston, Bost. March. Wild Party, 1st ed." Taken strictly on its face value, that just about tells the story of book-law observance and enforcement in the old Bay State.

▶▶Sea Safety

THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS are dusting off suitcases, poring over travel literature, and mapping out routes for the annual summer hegira to Europe. Will it be the castles on the Rhine, the cafés of Paris, or the exposition at Barcelona? We may go abroad in cabins or steerage, in floating hotels or cattle boats, but go we must.

Ours is a traveling people. Hence we should have close interest in the London meeting of the Second International Conference for Safety of Life at Sea. Few of the eighteen maritime powers have more depending on the outcome of this Conference than we have, especially now that Americans are turning to the sea as passengers and investors.

Major questions with which the Conference has been dealing include limiting loads for cargo boats, controlling the supply of lifeboats, improving watertight compartments, and increasing the use of wireless equipment.

There have been many technical difficulties to overcome before the delegates, who from the first have agreed "in principle," could agree in practice. It is one thing to say that wireless equipment must be used on small boats. It is something else to determine just how large a boat shall be compelled to buy a sending set and add a "Sparks" to its crew. It is one thing to say that ships shall not be overloaded, another to rule exactly when they are overloaded. Yet in the interests of safety these standards must be fixed.

The sessions of the Safety Conference have been less well publicized than those of the League of Nations' Preparatory Disarmament Commission but they may turn out to be at least as important. In the fifteen years since the first international Safety Conference, every nation has learned bitter lessons, with Experience making the assignments and wielding a stern ferule.

▶▶The Credit Question

RESULTS OF questionnaires on the Federal Reserve Board seem to depend largely on the questioners. One sponsored by the "New York World," advocate of the Board's policy of guarding business against high interest rates by curbing stock speculation absorbing credit, reveals that business men support this policy, however critical they may be of the Board's hesitant methods. Another questionnaire sent out by William C. Durant, opponent of the Board's policy, reveals that business men regard the Board with scowls.

Underwood

"A BULL ON THE U. S."

So William C. Durant, called "the bull leader of the market," styles himself. He recently denounced the maneuvers of the Federal Reserve Board

Mr. Durant demands that the Board return the millions it has taken out of the money market and lower rather than increase the discount rate. He believes that if it is unwilling to have its banks accept certain securities as collateral, the offering of such securities should be stopped. He does not make clear what he means by this. Finally, he asks the Board to "keep its hands off business."

Inevitably, the credit question has made its way to Washington. One school of Congressional critics holds that the Board has done too little to keep the stock market anchored to earth, another that it has done too much.

Congress seems little impressed by Reserve Bank Director Mitchell's plan to remove the income tax on gains from stock sales. This would be done to encourage liquidation by investors who, leaning on the banks to carry their securities, are loath to sell because of the tax on profits. It is naturally objected that investors unloading under the Mitchell plan might not stay unloaded.

Needless to say, a "sweeping inquiry" into the Board's functions has been proposed in Congress, specifically in Representative Reid's resolution, posing questions enough about the Reserve System to make a new edition of "Ask Me Another."

It is doubtful that a Congressional inquiry would be profitable. In general, it can be assumed, the country backs the Board and wishes to afford it opportunity to work out its problems. If there must be an investigation it might well be conducted by a non-political commission of experts. Mr. Hoover has told anti-prohibitionists that his law-enforcement commission will hear evidence pertaining to "any" of our laws. Why not have a sub-commission deal with the Federal Reserve law?

▶▶Women As Explorers

WOMAN'S YEARNING for man's public or private job less strikingly indicates what she is up to than her yearning for his adventures. Not a few wives and daughters lately have accompanied explorers into earth's uncharted corners; Frau Gulla Pfeffer of Germany has conducted an eight months' expedition of her own among cannibals in Nigeria.

Having organized and disciplined her party, of which she was the only white member, she won the respect and confidence of the savages among whom she roved, and brought back curios, data, and pictures for the Berlin Museum. Not the least of her contributions to science was the news that cannibals are perfect gentlemen. They rewarded her overtures of friendliness with child-like fidelity. With this taste of peril as an *hors d'oeuvre*, she is eagerly preparing

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for another and doubly dangerous excursion among nomad Bedouin tribes in East Africa.

So the desire to explore is not a masculine monopoly; neither is the desire for the explorer's fame. However, the risks and hardships of exploring make it doubtful that there will be serious feminine encroachment in the jungles.

In Brief

IN HER INSTRUCTIONS to Federal prosecutors, Mrs. Willebrandt says that the Jones law is intended to apply to commercial violators. So does the Jones law . . . Coolidge follows Smith into insurance, Smith follows Coolidge into literature; thus even jobs for former Presidents and Presidential candidates yield to the lure of standardization . . .If the law barred Mr. Mellon from his present position because he owns stocks, the law, not Mr. Mellon, would have to be removed. A financier not a stockholder would be a sportsman unconcerned with sports . . . When Bostonians suggest that speakers be punished for jesting about their city, they indicate that their city needs to be jested about . . . Since it was agreed to limit the special session of Congress to half a dozen subjects, the number of bills presented in the House on the first day was not much greater than 500, but former Senator Reed of Missouri emphatically denies that he called Congressmen jackasses . . . As long as Senator Reed has known Jones and Volstead, he has "never seen them smile." Not even when they saw you compromising with the drys last year, Senator? . . . Perhaps the most naïve of current beliefs is that the defeat of the Southern millworkers would mean the permanent defeat of the Southern millworkers . . . Dr. Carroll's statistical analysis indicates that last year American churches gained more than a million communicants, making a total of fifty million, not counting children, and we all go right on saying that this is a skeptical age . . . Even smallpox may have its healthy side. It will be so in England if the epidemic persuades the English to come down hard on hitherto powerful anti-vaccinationists. . . . Sober-sided Mussolini occasionally must permit himself the luxury of a chuckle at King Victor Emmanuel's formal references to "my Government" . . . H. G. Wells, finding peace and national independence incompatible, wants to unionize all the nations into a federated state. Apparently Mr. Wells has not yet outlined enough history to know that civil wars are often the bloodiest.

The Week's Press Opinion

ABRACADABRA IS NOT the word that Hoover pronounces for the farmer. On this at least the editors of the daily press are agreed. The President does not profess to be a magician. Nothing that he proposed will avert late spring frosts, or banish insect pests, or cover the ground with manna—or, for that matter, dissipate surpluses. Farmers who have illusions about the wonders that a law could do for them will find nothing in the President's Message to Congress that will justify their rosy hopes. Those who are looking for miracles to end the farmer's woes may be sure that the White House now shelters no miracle man. Politically minded farmers will be disappointed.

After all, it seems to the press, the President expects the farmers to work out their own problems, and, what is more, believes that they want to. What he has set out to do is to turn the farm problem from a political into an economic one. There is no more hint of human interest in his Message, no more appeal to the emotions, than there is in a blue print. Mr. Hoover views farm relief as a complicated engineering job. And as in any such job, there is in this undertaking the element of the experimental. It may not work at once. If not, the plan is flexible enough to be modified as it is applied. His approach to the problem is quite different from that of the Middle West, but nevertheless it seems to meet the Middle West's approval.

Is it revolutionary? Some newspapers seem to think that it is. But that, according to one view, is simply because any attempt to do for agriculture what has already been done for manufacturing and merchandising industry is regarded as revolutionary. According to another view, it goes beyond anything that has ever been done for any other form of enterprise. But that is not of itself begrudged. The agrarian problem has troubled mankind since the days of the Gracchi and has never been attacked so fundamentally before, because no other country has ever been rich enough to dream of financing a real solution. Agriculture is different from all other forms of industry because of its slow turnover of capital. The Hoover plan supplies the needed funds and the needed pooling of resources.

Is it socialism or paternalism? Very few newspapers seem to think it is either. It lacks the compulsive element that distinguished the McNary-Haugen plan of the equalization fee and Senate debenture plan. It depends on the farmers' initiative and leaves the farmers free. It is socialistic only in the sense that it does nothing for the farmer who prefers to play a lone hand. But it forces on the farmer no bureaucracy. The Federal agency it creates is after all only an instrument to be used by organizations of farmers themselves. The Government itself will do no buying or selling.

The Farm Board, however, will be charged with a great responsibility. Almost every editor who comments on the Message and the Farm Bill expects that the success of the President's plan will depend on the common sense of the Farm Board, and especially of its chairman. The revolving fund it will administer may be so used as to stimulate production, and therefore to create sur-

Remarkable Remarks

We should be grateful for all the marvelous arrangements for our comfort that we owe to a kind Providence.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

There are many who are engaged in politics for the sake of what they can give rather than what they get. —SENATOR WAGNER.

My course has been marked by destiny.—SENATOR HEFLIN.

I would rather think of my religion as a gamble than to think of it as an insurance premium.—DR. STEPHEN WISE.

The gangsters and other criminals of today have no courage.—GROVER WHALEN.

Kissing just like cooking is an art which should not be underrated or tampered with.—BRUNO LESSING.

I've about revamped my impressions and opinions concerning these Federal people. They are just the nicest folks.—TEXAS GUINAN.

When the men of the Coast Guard sent their shells into the hull of the I'm Alone a thrill of appreciation ran through my veins. It was American.—DEETS PICKETT.

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pluses that will make the plight of the farmers worse; but it may be so administered as to save the farmers from the necessity of marketing their products at a loss. In this respect the Farm Board will have powers similar to those of the Federal Reserve Board, and may be subject like that financial body to amendatory legislation.

From all sides, from Democratic papers as well as Republican, comes praise for the President's message for its conciseness, clearness, definiteness, vigor, and simplicity. There may be misunderstanding of the President's outline of his agricultural policy; but at least the editors of the country think they understand it. With few exceptions they recognize in it the principles which Mr. Hoover advocated as a candidate, and they have no doubt that it is substantially embodied in House Bill Number One. They seem to expect it to become law, and there is no sign that any considerable number of them wish it to prove anything but a success.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FIND it difficult to reconcile the Spartan simplicity of Herbert Hoover's private life with the autocratic atmosphere that pervades his relations with his Cabinet. As a man, Mr. Hoover is perhaps the most unostentatious figure we have seen since the days of rough and gruff Grover Cleveland, the sheriff from Buffalo. But as a President he resembles Woodrow Wilson more than any of his recent predecessors.

Mr. Hoover insists that the members of his official family render unto him the things that he thinks are due him. All power, all knowledge, all action, all announcements flow from him; they live in and for him. The present Cabinet reminds us of a sensitive and delicate organism which moves only by a sort of Presidential reflex action. If the farmers wish to perfect their co-operatives along the lines laid down by the President in his first message to Congress, they can do no better than study the workings of the White House co-operative society. There was truth as well as burlesque in the Gridiron skit which portrayed them with Hooveresque masks on their faces, and some irony in the fact that Mr. Hoover seemed to enjoy and approve this demonstration of spiritual unity. When the names of the new Cabinet members were made public, we heard them characterized as "yes" men, but Washington now refers to them as "yes, sir" men.

We do not mean to imply that they are weak figures. Far from it. We simply say that Mr. Hoover intends to be a Presidential Mussolini. He keeps a close check on department heads and activities. Whereas Mr. Coolidge was wont to quit his office at 4:30 in the afternoon, Mr. Hoover at that hour is just settling down to the day's work of interviewing and instructing his associates. He calls in the boys after the day's regular callers have been disposed of, and, if there is an item of information he does not extract from

Kirby in the New York World

Foiled again

them, it is solely because it is not worth consideration. We sometimes think that the President's "grasp on governmental affairs"—of which we heard so much in the campaign—must now and then become disconcerting to his associates.

Now and then, of course, this system of liaison breaks down. We understand a recent example of ministerial frailty was most embarrassing to the President. We hear that Attorney-General Mitchell told the men of the press on a certain day that legislation for transfer of the Prohibition Bureau to the Department of Justice had been framed and would be introduced at the Special Session with a request for immediate passage. If 'twas to be done, explained Mr. Mitchell—who is not a politically-minded individual—'twas best it be done quickly. He could not, of course, be expected to know that certain influential forces were working against the shift so earnestly promised by Mr. Hoover in his Inaugural Address. But the Attorney-General soon discovered that the White House had other views. Only twenty-four hours after the Mitchell pronouncement it became known at the White House that this step toward the enforcement millennium would not be taken for a year or more.

It seems that "the trade" is against the change. Manufacturers of perfumes and other articles requiring alcohol do not care to see the "permissive" features of the prohibition laws administered by the same department which supervises prisons and prosecutes bootleggers. The perfumers, we understand, would not like to come under the hard hand of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt. We do not presume to pass on the merits of the controversy, but we cannot help feeling sorry for Mrs. Willebrandt. In her flaming campaign speeches for Mr. Hoover she promised the drys that the transfer would be made, and intimated that she would become the boss of the combined bureau. We hear the Administration's unwillingness to carry out this pledge has led her to contemplate a return to private life. We also learn that she is beginning to tell stories out of school. If only half of what comes to our ears is true, Mrs. Willebrandt may yet make some astonishing revelations about the "inside" history of the recent Presidential campaign.

Her friends tell us it would exonerate her of the charge of injecting the religious issue into the campaign. In the light of certain telegrams dispatched from Washington in answer to her reported protests against discussing prohibition against a religious background, as well as certain changes made in the manuscript of her speech, we are preparing to take back some of the hard things we have been thinking about her since November 6. Mrs. Willebrandt, we are told by those who ought to know, has, womanlike, kept the documentary evidence showing that she was not a Joan of Arc so much as a political soldier acting under orders. We doubt if she will ever publish the telegrams and the retouched manuscripts, but it would be ironic if her resentment against the Administration's prohibition policies should open her lips.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Facing the Universe ◀◀

An Editorial

WHEN the present century began, the greatest stellar distance which could be measured or otherwise determined was only a few hundred light-years. "Only" seems a strange word to use, when one reflects that a light-year is nearly six thousand billion miles; but it was well known that most of the millions of telescopic stars must be much further away, though their distances could not then be estimated. Since then, a new method of sounding the depths of space has been developed. We now have reliable methods of determining how bright the stars of certain kinds (for example, those which vary in brightness in a particular way) *really are*. Then, if we know how bright such a star *looks*, we can calculate its distance.

The power of this method is extraordinary. It extends our survey of the universe out to the remotest objects which we can see, or photograph, with great telescopes, and the results are amazing. The globular star-clusters (a few of which are visible to the unaided eye as faint specks of light) lie at distances ranging from twenty thousand to two hundred thousand light-years. The great star clouds of the southern Milky Way—which shine in the south on a summer night—are full of stars fifty thousand light-years distant, and even more. All these belong to our own Galaxy—a vast flattened swarm containing many billions of stars. Quite outside it, lie the spiral nebulæ which are themselves other galaxies—"island universes"—though smaller than ours. The brightest and nearest of these—the great Nebula of Andromeda—is some 850,000 light-years away. A dozen or so more, in which separate stars can be photographed, are within two or three million light-years. Beyond this distance, even the brightest stars are no longer separately observable; but enough is known about the real size and total brightness of the nebulæ themselves to justify a further step. Groups of nebulæ are known which look so faint and small that we can say with reasonable confidence that their light takes a hundred million years or more to reach us. The greater our telescopic power, the more nebulæ we find; and there is good reason to believe that they are still scattered throughout space up to the farthest limit at which they can be observed. With the great telescope now in prospect, the limiting distance should be not far from a thousand million light-years, and there is no reason to believe that, even here, the end is reached.

To picture the minuteness of our earth, in the midst of this vast universe, is almost impossible. One could hardly find a better literary expression of the vastness of space than Mark Twain has given in "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven;" but many readers may have thought him extravagant when he told how an angel "went up in a balloon alongside of a map about as big as the State of Rhode Island" to look for the solar system, "and came down saying that he thought he had found it, but maybe it was fly-specks." Yet on a map of this size, representing the universe as we now know it, a "fly-speck" would correspond to a region several light-years across, extending from the sun to its neighbor stars!

Faced with this tremendous universe, too many of us take refuge from its grandeur in unworthy shelters built by our own imagination. Some simply ignore it, and this is perhaps the wisest course for those who are dazzled by its sublimity, for we need not gaze upon the stars but we needs must watch our footing. Yet it profits our minds no more than our bodies if we deliberately choose to spend all our lives in-doors. Others feel crushed by its vastness—as if they believed that all value could ultimately be estimated on a tonnage basis. Is there not something here akin to the people who are at ease in a city street, but abashed and uncomfortable before the mountains or the sea? Others, still, are moved to self-assertion, and protest, "Are not we, who can perceive and understand the universe at least to some degree, better than these vast empty spaces and huge masses of unconscious matter?" In one sense this is true enough. But one nevertheless recalls the tale of the tourist who returned from Europe in the firm conviction that he had seen no building in any of its great cities which was as fine as the new lunatic asylum on the outskirts of his provincial home-town. We are, individually and racially, so prone to vanity that we take little thought what else, besides matter and space, the depths of the universe may contain. How much wiser would they be—the blind, the paralyzed and the boastful alike—if they but profited by the homely philosophy of Emerson's parable of the mountain and the squirrel:

> "I think it no disgrace
> To occupy my place . . . .
> Talents differ; all is well and wisely put
> If I cannot carry forests on my back
> Neither can you crack a nut."

But why should we feel any desire at all for refuge from the splendor and the glory of this wide universe, any more than from the open sky and the free air and the sunlight? Why, in the face of beauty and grandeur, should our thoughts keep turning towards ourselves? Shall we not rather rejoice, not in the habitable earth alone, but in the whole splendid pageant of creation, tell with Fra Lippo Lippi:

> "The beauty and the wonder and the power
> Changes, surprises—and God made it all"

and say:

> "This world's no blot for us
> No blank; it means intensely,
> and means good."

HENRY NORRIS RUSSELL.

Where is mankind going?
The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Professor Russell, widely known among astronomers, is director of the observatory at Princeton University. Professor A. G. Keller of Yale will be the next contributor

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Menus and Memories

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Hospitality, the author assures us, is not a quality to be accorded any single subdivision of the American Commonwealth. Yet the word has its different meanings in various parts of the country. Mr. Wilson, who has already written of mountaineers for Outlook and Independent readers, confines his memories of menus chiefly to the haunts of Elizabethan Americans

THIS morning I took a sentimental recess and cleared out some very old letter files. In the course of proceedings I ran across an iron-gray folder, saved for no particular reason I can now call to mind, which reads alluringly:

Oyster Cocktail
Clear Turtle Soup
Turbot Sauce Hollandaise
Roast Turkey with Sausage Stuffing
Boiled Ham
Cauliflower Potatoes
Coffee Sweets Cheese
Mints Nuts
Liqueurs

I remember now—it was a Christmas dinner ten years ago. The recollection of it comes back to me in the colors of a winter dawn. A dozen of my school-day friends, scattered all over the universe now. I see them again, their laughing eyes, their clear, telling faces, their black shocks of hair played over with candle light. I remember their banterings, their philosophies sparklingly youthful. We were young then. We were as one. We drank high-heartedly from the cup of life. Still, all I have of it in writing is this enumeration of food, substantial and stolid victuals—the sort of meal Atlas must have eaten directly before he took upon his shoulders the burdens of the universe.

We must grant, of course, that much of the most romantic and typifying of American eating goes un-menued. Vachel Lindsay declares that during the five most traveled years of his life, he did not once blunder upon a printed menu. That charming and somewhat dusty personage from Springfield, Ohio, employed this formula for lightening larders and puzzling the worldly in better than a score of contemporary American States:

1. Keep away from the cities.
2. Keep away from the railroads.
3. Have nothing to do with money—carry no baggage.
4. Ask for dinner about a quarter after eleven.
5. Ask for supper, lodging and breakfast about a quarter of five.
6. Travel alone.
7. Be neat, truthful, civil and on the square.
8. Preach the gospel of beauty.

To isolate hospitality as a quality peculiar to a given subdivision of the American Commonwealth is folly. One who will put into practice all, or even a majority, of Lindsay's code of the open road may expect to encounter open tables and a benevolent spirit of stranger-sit-ye-down in any one or all of the forty-eight States. Personally, I have run upon the phenomena in the arroyas of Montana, the Everglades of Louisiana, the mountains of Kentucky. Arkansas backwoodsmen have asked me in to eat, Texans have asked me in to talk and New Yorkers have asked me in to drink. I have wandered through the New Mexican sheep country living on little besides the benevolence of absent hosts. Shanties are scattered here and there along the grazing routes and the passing herder is at perfect liberty to go inside, open the unlocked larder, slice himself a chunk of salt belly or a slab of beef, open a can of beans, make coffee and take quarters for the night. Before leaving next morning the passer along is expected merely to brush up put away the victuals and lay in an armload of wood for the next comer's fire.

THERE is magnificent openness to this fellowship of frontiers and an astonishing digestibility to its victuals. For example there are prospector's biscuits: curled-top, quartz-like, monstrous things. At first exposure a neophyte might figure that if he could by any chance reduce one to a swallowable pulp, it would surely reduce the reducer to a rocky grave. The dried beef is strong flavored and nipping, the coffee is black and steaming and brackish, the hominy air-dried and mountain-hardened, the beans stolid and crackish from high-altitude boiling. The fruit, if one is so fortunate as to run across any—apples and peaches from irrigated orchards along arroyo-heads—is suffused with sweet and penetrating juices. And incongruous as it might sound to an easy-chair commentator, if actually put to the test, he would very probably partake of this prospector's fare, and what is yet stranger, he would probably live.

But if the adventurer in friendship, one with a bandana handbag and a star to guide by, were to ask me, I should advise him to fight shy of the cotton country of the Old South. This would also apply to the traveler who is wanting in cast-steel inwards. As for myself, I have wandered for days in that fine old land of magnolia blossoms and Confederate monuments, traveled with a sometimes sufficient outlay of dollar bills, and I have almost literally starved in transit. Instead of chocolate-tinted Jemimas who thrice daily conjure up culinary delectables for visiting aristocracy, I appear always to blunder upon a lolling monotony of fat pork, corn bread, devious soups, greasy yams and raw corn liquor.

SOUTHERN COOKING gives me a craving to sing negro spirituals. This would appear a strange state, for as Artemus Ward says of himself, I am not a songer. When I start to sing I begin to feel sad. So, also, does every one else about me. But give me a slab of fried liver with Bermuda onions, a cut of fat pork shoulder, a brace of yams seasoned with 'possum butter, a liberal-sized chunk of white-and-gold peach cobbler and a wash-down of mint julep, then I do genuinely want to sing negro spirituals, the more profound and booming, the better. I crave to make staccato exhortations to my fictitious Sister Huckleberry; I want to tell the world in pleading basso my longing to navigate the River Jordan, to mount the sweet chariot and therewith gallop all over God's blue heaven.

Then, if I stay over for a supper of stewed 'possum and pork tenderloin, I feel an overwhelming urge to go forth and commit a lynching.

On first coming into a tenant cotton area, an outsider will very probably be a bit taken aback at the scant availability of the glad hand. The tenant farmers, although generally a kindly

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and nonbelligerent people, appear to fear and distrust strangers. They are pathetically sensitive to criticism or ridicule. And they do not undertake their victuals with the tranquillity and carefree leisure which an outsider might expect of them. They are inclined to eat ponderously and with a suggestion of stoic resignation as if meal-taking were a ponderous duty rather than a Parnassan delight. As for the gentry of the cotton country, the professionals, the town-builders, still-owners, bankers, bootleggers and preachers, they dine and survive much as would other Americans of a common financial status.

In Southern villages restaurants are scant and generally depressing. Esthetically speaking, I am not so fond of them, or of other village restaurants or tourist lunch rooms. I do not like the greasy aproned proprietors nor their attitude of watery-eyed complacency which seems to say: "Pardner, if you want scrambled eggs we can give you scrambled eggs; if you want trouble we can give you trouble." I do not like the proprietor's visiting relations who sit about in the cadaverous silence of black felt hats. I do not like the word Café. I do not like the serving of wise-cracks: "In God We Trust —All Others Cash;" "Don't Divorce Your Wife Because She Can't Cook—Eat Here and Keep Her as a Pet;" "Don't be Hard-up for Trouble—Get Married and Have Plenty of It;" Ad infinitum.

As for restaurant murals, most of them bring upon me a heaviness, an abject craving for weighty cheese sandwiches and those culinary atrocities known as hot biff sandwiches. I am not a fancier of highly polished bars and stools with tops the size of saucers. I dislike super-ostentatious displays of ginger ale bottles intermingled with blarishly yellow grapefruit. My simple backwoods spirit is somewhat paled when I see coffee being decocted with more paraphernalia than is required to equip a good productive still. But likely and systematic eating places and hostelries have made their way into most of the Southern cities and there are coming to be livable inns along most of the through highways, but the run of such establishments has Yankee food and Yankee management available at Yankee prices. New Orleans provides a generally delightful exception. I stayed there for seven weeks once, down at M. Tricou's on Esplanade, and I would here put down that I shall never forget those gray huddled ways of the Vieux Carré wherein I ate for thirty-nine days on twenty-eight dollars and forty cents; ate well, with leisurely dignity and unction, with nothing to worry about save where the twenty-eight dollars were coming from. Good coffees and pastries, breads and cheeses, all strange and delicious, soups and salads and sea foods of a sort to have charmed Great Neptune himself. So I acquired the persisting notion of old New Orleans as the city of delightful cookery, wherein it would appear that every caterer, even the most inconspicuous underling of a recruit waiter can, at an easy turn, produce victuals of a sort to make the most hardened of milk-water and sauerkraut cynics take to his provender with epicurean relish.

Ewing Galloway

LUNCHEON IN A SUN-BATHED COURTYARD

New Orleans is the city of delightful cookery and of prices not too staggering for the casual pocketbook to afford

To segregate and recite the more famous and romantically venerable of New Orleans's eating places requires but a slight spending of time. There is the Gem, home of New Orleans's far-famed Pickwick Club; there is La Louisiane on Iberville and Antoine's on St. Louis Street; there are the Alciatores, the Begues, the Galatoire and the Tujagues. What is still happier the Vieux Carré shows an abundance of cheap dining places, promisingly unpromising, conspicuously isolated, some of them charmingly disreputable, wherein a twenty-five-cent piece will likely bring a liberal quotient of rare bread and cheese and a winding of sweet bread or tart.

It is my belief that the purest flow of contemporary hospitality is to be found in the Southern Highlands, the rough hill country of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Maryland and Northern Georgia and the backwoods Ozarks of Arkansas and Southern Missouri. These Elizabethan Americans are generally and uncomplainingly poor. They have scant conception of the ramifications of cash incomes. No hospitality could have less of material backing. But if one should happen among them late and afoot, there are first-rate chances that he will be asked in for the night and shown a place at the family hearth.

And while one is being entertained with expositions on fatal diseases or enlarged photographs of concave relations, or tinted likenesses of the Three Martyred Presidents, he may glance out the west window and observe the head of the house striking out up the flood gulley with a bag of corn over his shoulder, heading for the countryside tub mill, there to get meal ground for the night's pone of bread; while the farm wife and the unoccupied offspring run in relays after the scrub dominicker hen. And even if the bed is a bit hard and the victuals none too abundant, the comer can scarcely miss heeding the warmth of their usance.

John Fox tells the story of a stranger who knocked at the backwoods cabin just as its occupants were seating themselves to a supper of boiled potatoes. The cottager showed the newcomer a place at the family board and passed to him the only available victual.

"Stranger, take a pertater! Take two pertaters! Take damned nigh all the pertaters!"

Speaking generally, however, backwoods people set a better table than their obvious poverty and personal lankiness would suggest. Their victuals are not rich nor particularly

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dainty, but they are likely to be more nutritious and more satisfying than a fare of town or city people with an analogous scantiness of income. As a farming people, they take their food from their fields and rough ground. In the vegetable way they have a save-over from their raising of turnips, potatoes, yams, onions and likely cow peas or bunch beans. Potatoes and turnips they "hole up" in the field; sweet potatoes are packed in dry sand to prevent the spread of rot, and put away in the protectorate of cellars or outhouses. Onions may be braided and hung in the barn loft.

Backwoods families are rarely ever consistent users of dairy products, for the chances are their cows aren't the sort to be consistent givers of milk. But there is butter sometimes, and a nomadic tribe of scrub hens furnish eggs sufficient for springtime use. Then they have dried peaches and apples and canned blackberries; and there are the nuts, walnuts and chinquipins, butternuts, hazelnuts and hickory nuts; and molasses made of late-grown stalk sorghum, home-crushed, the juice boiled in the wash cauldron until it is "cooked down" to a dense, romantic greenishness.

There is home-cured kraut of exotic goodness, differing vastly from commercially vended sauerkraut. The cabbage heads are chopped, rather than shredded, sprinkled over with salt and stomped down into a convenient rain barrel. Then the bung is set and the product put in cellar or outhouse to cure. The results of its bacteriological propagations are phenomenal, often astonishing. The flavoring may be sweetish or it may be very sour indeed.

The hill people have pork, acorn fattened and home cured, likely a pig apiece for the young ones and a grown hog each for the old folks. They have beef or mutton occasionally, and seasonable garnishments of game meats—sunperch and speckled trout, partridge, deer, sometimes and, on epic occasions, a shank of bear, or a mess of bear brains and eggs. Squirrels are the most common game food.

They have the one food distinctly American—corn bread. Corn bread, with the delectable gritiness of rough-ground meal; corn bread with a twang of cleanliness, saltiness and stability.

With delicious survivals of culinary strategies fast coming to be forgotten, the Southern Highlanders devise victuals which are picturesquely and exotically good; Salads of wild cresses, dandelion, duck and polks; fried wild turkey, than which no fowl can be more delectable; smoked tongue; lean pork sausage flavored with native herbs, hickory smoked and slightly soured; cracklings, lean squares of pork rescued from the lard pot, and beaten biscuits, which must surely be the bread of fairyland, for they are white and light, and of a texture unexcelled by the fairest of angelfood cakes.

The more of such victuals I take within me, the more I cogitate upon paradise. That, they tell me, is but a ramification of being an Arkansas hillbilly prefixed by five generations of Arkansas hillbillies. But I can point out one point of divergence, profound and fundamental. It has been my long-gathered impression that the hillbilly's true conception of heaven consists of a hell-roaring sight-seeing tour of either St. Louis or Little Rock followed by permanent and unmolested tenancy of a sweep of valley farm, with fields ready fenced and free of stumps and boulders; whereas I should take a sweep of valley land with some tater knob high spots, a farm with a protectorate of white oak forests and green gold hills. Having visited both St. Louis and Little Rock I should vote to strike out the first stipulation.

I should take blue, cool days behind the plow or axe; plowing in sandy loam, the chopping in straight green oak. I should prefer a breeze and sweeping acres of shadow, sometimes, but certainly a turn of blue sky. I should stipulate a breakfast of hominy and brown sugar and cream, and a following of fresh eggs unturned and fried with scant grease to lemon yellowness, then a slightly dried corn pone, fresh, unsalted butter and quince marmalade. Then I should take a few cuts of bacon, razorback bacon, curly and juicy and fried to the correct lean crispness. Then a red apple and a pipeful of tobacco.

The day's work finished, I would trudge home, reveling in the tingling tremor of arm and shank that comes of a dozen sturdy miles of furroughs or a heaped rick of fire wood. For a home I would have a cabin warmly built of straight logs with a flat stone fireplace and a west side window to show the sunset. En route, I'd rather like to see a woman, in blue calico, with black hair played over with late sunlight. And having seen her, grant, Zeus, that I should go no closer!

Then I would take a loin of cold beef, an elbow of yellow cheese, a cup of home-cut kraut, a cup of Arbuckle's coffee and a dried peach patty, after which I would prop a good fat book before the pewter and read by lamplight before an amiable fire. Then when the pages had grown tired, I would turn in for a long night of unmolested sleep.

Ewing Galloway

In that fine old land of magnolia blossoms

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Taxing Profits in Stocks

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

ONLY rarely these days does the name of Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the National City Bank, fail to appear on the front pages of the newspapers. When call money was scarce, a month ago, he announced that the National City would supply funds at 15 per cent or higher. For this offer he was bitterly rebuked by Senator Carter Glass, who demanded Mr. Mitchell's resignation as a director of the Federal Reserve Bank. Mr. Mitchell did not resign and was applauded in Wall Street for his "patriotic service to worried investors."

A few days later, Mr. Mitchell achieved new fame by combining the National City Bank and the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company into the largest bank in the country. Then, when this combination was still in its early stages, Mr. Mitchell again directed public attention to himself by a novel and striking suggestion for the alleviation of the existing credit situation which, he said, "is already having its effect upon business and threatens to undermine the natural and justifiable prosperity of the country to an increasing degree unless a corrective is promptly found."

He recommended that Congress immediately remove the income tax on capital gains from the sale of securities. This, he argued, would ease the credit situation by bringing about liquidation of hundreds of thousands of shares on which investors and speculators now have large paper profits which they are unwilling to take because of the large taxes they would be required to pay.

"Many stocks," he declared, "have increased in value in no small part because holders are unwilling to sell and pay the tax liabilities incurred, even though prices may have gone to excessive levels. Current buyers are therefore forced to pay higher prices by reason of this tax. It is thus apparent that there are two factors involved, namely, the establishment of an artificial price level and the constant increase of the loan account.

"In our daily experience we find it to be common that men who are holding securities and desire to purchase additional securities . . . do not feel that they can sell that which they have but . . . they borrow funds necessary for such purchases, thereby placing an added burden on the credit situation."

Congress almost certainly has no idea of following Mr. Mitchell's suggestion. Supporters of any such legislation would be entirely too vulnerable to the charge of favoring the rich. But, because of Mr. Mitchell's position, if for no other reason, the proposal has aroused a great deal of interest.

The most obvious objection, namely, the loss of revenue, is not as strong as one might suppose without investigation. In 1927, which was a year of great stock market activity, income from the sale of capital assets amounted to less than 10 per cent of total reported individual and corporate incomes. The Secretary of the Treasury, moreover, has implied in several of his annual reports that revenue might be actually increased if the levy on capital gains were cut.

Skeptics, though, do not believe that speculation would be decreased to any extent if Mr. Mitchell's plan were followed. The number of traders in securities who are influenced by tax considerations, except at the end of the year, is comparatively small. It seems probable, moreover, that those who do think about their taxes would speculate even more if taxes on capital gains were reduced. It would increase the size of their winnings without increasing their possible losses.

A large proportion of American manufacturers, among which the motor companies are prominent, see their greatest chance for immediate expansion in foreign markets. But it is these markets that are threatened most seriously by the high cost of credit. Time loan rates of 8 per cent or more and other rates correspondingly high act as magnets for foreign funds and tend to prevent their application to the purchase of American goods. Because of the general concern over this question of the cost of credit, it is rather surprising that Secretary of Commerce Lamont did not mention the subject in his recent speech before the National Foreign Trade Council. In an optimistic mood, he addressed himself to a long-range view of foreign trade prospects.

"The past history of our trade and that of the trade of the world as a whole," he said, "holds out high promise for the future. Now that we have become the world's greatest manufacturing country and that manufactured products are the greatest class in our exports, we have every reason to anticipate steady expansion in our foreign trade. . . .

"All that is necessary to assure steady and large growth of foreign trade throughout the world and of our own trade in particular is peace."

Mr. Lamont reminded his hearers that the increase in our sales of factory products to Europe since 1922 has been more than 60 per cent. He mentioned this as a reason for optimism but the less cheerful of his hearers were a little chilled to realize how dependent our prosperity is on European buying.

THIS IS the period of the year at which talk of the "saturation point" in automobile production is most abundant. It is especially prevalent this year for two reasons. In the first place, the stock market is dull and inclined to be rather heavy. Its patrons consequently are lending a fairly eager ear to any news that might be construed bearishly. In the second place, the production figures are much the largest in history.

The Department of Commerce reports that American factories produced 584,733 motor vehicles in March against 413,314 in the corresponding month last year. For the quarter, the increase was from 968,836 to 1,460,801 cars. All previous records for both the month and the first quarter of the year have been smashed. If output during the rest of the year maintains its lead over 1928, assuming that the seasonal variations will be the same, the total should approximate 6,500,000 cars. In view of the second-hand car bargains it is not surprising that many economists doubt that such an output can be absorbed.

Commerce and industry in general may be unable to maintain its present pace in the face of high money rates and, if there is a general slump, the motor companies will be among the first to suffer.

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Getting Your Man in Poland

By BETTY ROSS

The author, an American journalist, sets down her experiences and observations on a visit to the popular marriage market in the ancient city of Warsaw. It is to be hoped that her recital will not cause an exodus to Poland of our unwedded lawyers

ON THAT street called Marzhallkosska, Warsaw's Fifth Avenue, I enter a shop to appraise a Russian samovar. The clerk assures me it is sterling silver, fifty years old, and that he can successfully eradicate the initials under the crest, when suddenly he is called to the telephone.

A look of ill-humor is stamped on his face when he returns.

"The bureau," he whispers in German to the young man perched on the cashier's stool.

"Well?" asks the latter, brightening.

"I won't go," replies my clerk testily.

"But it's the third time this week they've called," insists his friend. "You must go."

My clerk becomes choleric. "I won't marry that girl, I tell you! It's not worth it—giving up my liberty for $1,000!"

"Maybe it's another prospect!" suggests his friend. "Didn't he promise he would get you a girl with looks and money?"

A new light enters the clerk's eyes. "I'll look in at the matrimonial bureau on my way home tonight," he murmurs, picking up the samovar again and apologizing for digressing from my purchase. "That bureau," he says, "has sent me so many impossible prepositions lately that I see red whenever they ring up!"

At the mention of a matrimonial bureau, I am all ears, and so the clerk explains that many of these bureaus flourish in Warsaw, and form a veritable part of the warp and woof of Poland's social fabric today. Nowhere else, he assures me, can a young man and woman "with intentions" meet. In these bureaus every one is classified according to his age, means, profession, interests, and knows in advance the taste and qualifications of his feminine prospect. The dowry, he admits, is the main point of interest, but when there are several young women with the same dowry, then personality and background play important rôles.

"And is it considered good taste to go to one of these bureaus?" I ask, "or does one go 'sub rosa' perhaps, under an assumed name?"

He is aghast at my words. "The very best people—the wealthiest women and men—register there. Do you think they would consider marrying some one who wasn't registered and whose qualifications they didn't know?"

"Take me there!" I suggested.

"I should think, in America, a young girl has better chances," he says gallantly, trying to conceal his surprise.

"Maybe she'd rather live in Poland," hazards his friend, the cashier, and when my nod confirms his words, the clerk agrees to take me along to the bureau that evening at six and let me throw my heart into the matrimonial grab-bag at the Polish altar of Hymen.

Cupid's best show place in Warsaw I found in the Matrimonial Bureau run by Panya Bein, at 10 Nova Senatorska Street. Here, in a fine brown-stone house, in a tastefully furnished waiting-room, Bein himself finally receives me. In Polish he asks whether I prefer conversing in that language or French, German or Russian. He brightens when I select German, explaining he is quite at home in it, for he ran a matrimonial agency in Berlin before the War.

NOT KNOWING I am a writer seeking local color, he assumes the purpose of my visit as the usual feminine quest there, so immediately ushers me into an alcove draped in orange. As though to assure me subtly that I have come to the right establishment, he tells me his is the largest matrimonial bureau in Warsaw, for although he has been operating it only a year, he already has thousands of marriages to his credit. He also has a bureau in Vienna and twenty-seven agents throughout Europe rounding up the best matrimonial prospects on the Continent.

"Today has been unusually hectic," asserts Bein, wearily running his fingers through his hair. "A big factory owner from Lemberg was in town for a week only and wanted to bring a wife back with him. That meant my advertising the qualifications he wanted in all the newspapers. Today they all came flocking in and I've been interviewing prospects since early morning."

"Is the bride the manufacturer wants so hard to find?" I ask.

"Well, he wanted her dark-haired, and slim, and to have at least $5,000 cash. That last is what makes it difficult."

"But why does he insist on the $5,000, if he owns such a big factory?"

"So he'll have something with which to run his establishment," came Panya Bein's answer. "It's idle now."

NOW THAT we are on the business end of the subject, the patron leans forward confidentially, asking me: "What kind of a match does your father want?"

I hasten to explain that my father is still happily married to my mother and has never, at least openly, expressed any desire for a new mate. It is I, comes my assertion, who seek the assistance of this bureau.

"I thought so all along," he replies. "But I asked what type of man your father wants because he's putting up the money, isn't he? Then he's the one we must satisfy."

I confess I do not know my father's choice, but I myself have always been partial to lawyers.

"Risky tastes," he murmurs. "Have you any idea what a lawyer's worth?"

I admit I have not.

"How much dowry will your father give you?"

"Five thousand dollars," I hazard.

Decisively he shakes his head. "That'll never get you a lawyer. Why not forget that, and let me fix you up with a nice business man?"

This time I shake my head. "A lawyer," I murmur.

"You need $10,000 for that. Perhaps, because you are young and evidently well educated, you can get something for $8,000." His glance takes in my attire, lingering on my sables and diamond ring.

"Are you an American citizen?" he asks suddenly.

I nod affirmatively.

"That's a great help," he adds, "and it may save you some money. Many men come down on their price if it means an opportunity to go to America."

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He fumbles among the papers on his desk and suddenly produces the photograph of a dark-haired young man with well-cut, regular features. "Like his looks?"

"Nice," I admit.

"He doesn't care whom he marries, if she'll only get him into America. That's how anxious he is to go. He's an engineer."

"Good! Then I get a husband and save my $5,000," I exclaim, in apparent delight.

Bein stays my enthusiasm with a deprecating gesture. "Not exactly. You must use your money for ocean passage —on a good ship—have a nice home ready for him when you land, and a store or a business for him to step into." He then adds that the American Consul issues marriage licenses very quickly and gives the man the necessary papers to enter America.

But I shake my head mournfully. "A lawyer," I murmur.

He shrugs his shoulders helplessly, as though I were asking a boon even no king could grant.

When I ask what is the most expensive husband of all, he answers: "A merchant," explaining: "Usually they have big factories and, once they get some new capital, can make real money. They command the highest dowry because every one realizes that type of man is really the best investment. His business future is brighter than that of a doctor or lawyer or engineer who make up the $10,000 class. Sometimes these merchants feel they are worth a handsome dowry because of their fine family connections—ah, that's what makes a difference—that, too, is worth money."

BEIN then explained that, while every one is permitted to register at the bureau, certain social strata are kept out. Thus no applications from a shoemaker or carpenter or any menial are ever accepted. Nor is any maid with a dowry less than $1,000 allowed to register. Registration costs fifteen zlotys, about $2.00. Bein's fee is ten per cent of the dowry, of which the man and the bride each pay half on the wedding day.

"What if a young man and woman meet through your bureau, and dash out and decide to get married without giving you the ten per cent fee?"

Panya Bein points to the framed certificate on the wall—the license granted him by the state—which means he can collect the money by law.

"How do I meet this young man whose photograph you showed me?" comes my next query.

The patron explains that a mutual friend takes me to tea, and so arranges it that the matrimonial prospect chances to enter the same tea-room, is greeted by the mutual friend, asked to join our table, and eventually takes me home.

"The next morning," continues Panya Bein, "you telephone me your opinion of the young man, and he also tells me his impressions of you. If you seem mutually interested, I arrange another meeting. If you both feel you have nothing in common, I let that drop and try another prospect. If you please each other save for a few details, I iron them out, and then the friendship runs along smoothly—"

"Until you dance at the wedding?" I add.

QUICKLY he shakes his head. "Never. I might be recognized at the wedding and that would undo everything. We never show the machinery. It's a love match so far as the rest of the world ever knows. And there are surprisingly few divorces from matches we arrange. Perhaps it's due to the fact that the couples marry with no illusions. They know all about each other even before they meet, and enter matrimony through the gates of common sense. Thus they adjust their lives to each other and live on happily."

"Which ranks higher as a prospective bride—a maid, divorcee or widow?"

"If a divorcee is attractive," answers Panya Bein, rubbing his hands, "nothing is held against her. But a widow, ah, a widow! She is in the highest demand, for every one knows it is not her fault that her husband died and yet she has experience . . . "

"Which is a woman's chief asset here, personality, looks or money?" I query.

That, he tells me, is difficult to answer, for all three are important.

"But without money?"

"Everything is impossible," he assures me.

At this point Bein leads me to the outer office to register. In French, a well-groomed, efficient woman secretary asks my name, age, education, amount of dowry, whether I have been married before, what type of man I prefer as to profession, coloring, stature, age. All these vital statistics are entered into a tome-like register crammed full of entries with photographs attached.

"You are a bit difficult," says the secretary. Anxiously I look down at my lower extremities.

"Because you do not speak Polish," she concludes, "and very few Poles speak English. We could arrange a rendezvous, but you two would not understand each other. We must find you some one who can speak French or German.

AT THE clang of the telephone, the secretary bursts into Russian: "What?" ran her part of the dialogue. "You didn't see her? She didn't come on time? Too proud to wait? Don't act like that or you'll never marry. Make it the same place tomorrow, at five. I guarantee you she will be sitting there, wearing a white rose."

Panya Bein himself is called to the telephone at that moment, and as I sit on the overstuffed couch, I overhear the man in the next curtained booth arguing. "I know she's attractive, and a nice home girl and all that, but it won't do any good to meet her. She has only $1,000. If she at least had a trade!

"That last girl?" He laughs heartily. "I don't believe she liked me. Perhaps the social standing of a hat maker didn't appeal to her—she can't realize some day I'll be a manufacturer! I met her at tea, as you arranged, and asked to escort her home.

"As we approached her door, she said, 'Thank you for taking me home, but I think my mother prefers a doctor'!"

"Well," says Panya Bein, returning to my side, rubbing his hands, "you'll be married within four weeks!"

My eyes open wide at these words.

"Indeed," says he, walking me past other curtained booths and toward the door, "I guarantee that! You have a fair dowry, and you're attractive, but if only I can find a man who can understand your language! You'd rather marry some one you can talk to, wouldn't you?"

"You would be worthy of the best," he asserts, "if only we can make your father come up on the price! Have him come in here and register at once. We can't go ahead on your application until he signs it."

"You ought to get me a reduction on a lawyer," I insist, on parting. "I'm young, an American citizen and a college graduate. That ought to be worth something to any one of them."

"How do you know you'll be allowed to have a lawyer?" calls Bein after me. "We furnish the husband your father wants!"

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Dynamite and Peace

Nobel. By Ragnar Sohlman and Henrik Schuck. Translated by Brian and Beatrix Lunn: Cosmopolitan. Published April 26. $5.

THE subject of this book is so interesting a one that even the dullest of biographical writing cannot spoil it. But one regrets that the task of writing the curious story of Alfred Nobel, who made dynamite and loved peace, should not have fallen to a writer more gifted, if not more accurate. Its accuracy and its detail are the best of this book, which deals not only with Alfred Nobel but also with his father and brothers, though more briefly. The Nobels were addicted to invention and to business enterprises of precarious nature. Alfred was best at both, although Robert and Ludwig fathered the first successful exploitation of the Russian oil fields. They were all practical idealists in one way or another, inclining to some sort of profit-sharing in their businesses and paternalism in their attitude toward employees. Alfred, himself, was a contradictory character, tempting to psychological analysts. Given in personal contacts to extreme self-depreciation, he was a stubborn defender of his rights and claims as an inventor, even against his own father. He was a great lover of Shelley and much influenced by Shelley's mild atheism. Under Shelley's spell he wrote a long poem in his youth which hints at an unhappy love affair, the only evidence of sentimental passages in his life which this book records. In later life he produced two heavy novels and a bad play which was saved by wise friends from publication after his death. His literary ambitions, however, never interfered with his work, and he devoted his whole life and apparently his whole heart to his inventions of dynamite, blasting gelatine, improvements in the construction of firearms and kindred things. He was an unselfish, kindly man who approached his fellows with an open heart; and, although he seems to have learned early the bitter truth that, to make an enemy of a man, one has only to befriend him, he never profited by it. Continuing to the last to believe others as decent as he was himself, he was frequently swindled, and lived out his days actually a friendless man. His interest in peace probably began with his enthusiasm for Shelley's humanitarianism. He made some abortive attempts to further a movement for international understanding based on the same principles as govern the League of Nations. And he was interested in Bertha Von Suttner's efforts for world peace, although he did not believe in "Die Waffen Nieder" as a means toward that end. Difficult as it is to avoid a skeptical shrug at peace talk on the part of a dynamite maker, such of Nobel's character as his inept biographers are able to elucidate indicates that his ideals and his inventions existed side by side, on different mental planes, and that there was no conflict between them.

SUFFICIENT INCITEMENT TO EXCELLENCE

Frontispiece for "Belinda," by Hilaire Belloc (Harpers)

In spite of the extraordinarily interesting humans of whom they write, the authors of "Nobel" have gotten little human interest into their book. The only humor is of the grisly kind that is found in stories connected with the early experiments with nitroglycerin, when salesmen, ignorant of its appalling habits carried bottles in their pockets when they went calling, and hammered at the tops of tins that were stuck together. And the only times that the reader's eyes will smart is when they are made to decipher sad unwritten words between the stolid lines.

Alfred Nobel's famous will is itself an example of the contradictions of his character. Setting up a trust fund to provide annual prizes in medicine, physics, chemistry, literature and peace, he omitted to name a trustee. The validity of the will was, therefore, contestable, and it speaks well indeed for the reality of the family idealism that those who would have been Alfred Nobel's heirs, had he died intestate, were largely instrumental in the organization of the Nobel Foundation.

That foundation authorized the publication of this book; and, among the various appendices, is one giving a list of the prize winners. Even without such authorization, the book has the weight of truth. But not, alas, its light. The authors are conscientious but dull. Enigmatic to any one, to them Alfred Nobel seems to have been unfathomable, for no picture of him emerges from their pages. One hopes that he will soon engage the interest of some biographer with more imagination.

Frances Lamont Robbins.

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The Week's Reading

Mid-Channel. By LUDWIG LEWISOHN: Harper. $3.50. Published April 17. Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD.

THE SECOND VOLUME of Mr. Lewisohn's autobiography continues, as might be expected, his exposition of the difficulties which were the substance of "Up Stream," seven years ago, and which have been presented, in one form or another, in every book that he has published since that date. The year 1922, in fact, marks a crucial point in the author's evolution. Up to that time he had written several critical works dealing with the theatre and with German and French literature; he had translated Hauptmann, Sudermann and other German writers. None of these activities would have enabled an outside observer to guess that Mr. Lewisohn was a tortured and unhappy man. He was a critic of high standing and had gone far since the day, in 1890, when he was brought to this country, a German-Jewish child, aged eight.

Nevertheless, readers of "Up Stream" learned to their astonishment that this apparently successful career, this apparently normal illustration of the process known as "Americanization," was at least a mockery and a delusion, if not a snare. The holder of several American university degrees, having held teaching appointments in American colleges, and having been accepted in an editorial capacity by a prominent American publishing firm and by an important American weekly, Mr. Lewisohn, with the best will in the world, found it impossible to fit himself into the American scheme of things, a scheme of things in which the position of a cultivated Jew was intolerable.

At the same time, Mr. Lewisohn was troubled by another problem for which, for reasons as yet undisclosed, he seems to hold America responsible. He was unhappily married and was unable to find any legal relief. His new book is devoted in large part to an account of how he escaped from this dilemma. He has found the domestic happiness which he craved, but on terms which the laws of this country refuse to recognize, and, consequently, he is an exile. He is, however, according to his repeated assurances, an extremely happy one, and never in all his life has his creative imagination been so abundantly and so fruitfully stimulated.

Nevertheless, he is dissatisfied with life in general and with American life in particular. He is particularly incensed at the thought that America has done nothing to settle domestic problems in which one partner refuses to come to an agreement. One rather suspects that he would have some difficulty in naming any important country in Western Europe that has successfully grappled with that problem. Like the common cold, it still eludes our wisdom, for the perfectly obvious reason that, unless two people really want to leave each other peacefully and in peace, nothing short of flight or assassination can produce that result. Mr. Lewisohn has wisely chosen the former.

France appears to be the one place where Mr. Lewisohn's spirit is more or less at rest, chiefly, I gather, because the French, as he says, "do not draw me into their midst. . . . The world about me is objective to me. I cease to experience, and give myself wholly to contemplation and productivity." From which I should conclude that exclusion, not absorption, is best for Mr. Lewisohn's happiness. "French civilization lacks the note of ultimate spiritual intensity. One cannot quite imagine a French Milton, or Beethoven or Tolstoi," he says. "What of a French Pascal?" one is tempted to ask. But why disturb Mr. Lewisohn in what looks dangerously like a state of contentment?

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. This conflict between a possessive mother and a modern daughter-in-law is described with subtle penetration in lovely prose. Reviewed March 27.

Storm House, by Kathleen Norris: Doubleday, Doran. This story of various women impelled by the mothering instinct to devotion and sacrifice is told with convincing mediocrity. Reviewed April 10.

This Strange Adventure by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Doubleday, Doran. A serious and sympathetic study of the American woman and her problems against the shifting background of the last half-century.

Dark Star, by Lorna Moon: Bobbs-Merrill. This melodramatic story of illegitimacy is distinguished by deft handling and fine characterization. Reviewed March 27.

Non-Fiction

The Cradle of the Deep, by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. These salty and "fishy" adventures are making money for the author and trouble for the sponsors. Reviewed March 13.

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Swords and Roses, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. Pearly prose tears shed by a romantic over a cause great enough to command more stalwart celebration. Reviewed April 10.

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

The Aims of Education and Other Essays. By ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD: Macmillan. $2.50. Published April 23.

THE PAPERS which have been collected into this volume have appeared already in various publications and will not be new to the student of Whitehead. Readers not familiar with his work will find them an admirable introduction to it.

Starting with the statement that "every revolution which has ever stirred humanity into greatness has been a passionate protest against inert ideas," Professor Whitehead discusses the means whereby education can be made to stimulate and guide the self-development of human beings. The book is, as his whole teachings are, "a protest against dead knowledge." Although the whole book is immensely interesting, we have found the first three chapters, which might be read as one essay, the most immediately valuable because they deal directly with the question of education as those of us who are parents see it. Education, according to Professor Whitehead, divides itself into three stages: the stage of romance, or "first apprehension;" the stage of precision, when "width of relationship is subordinated to exactness of formulation;" and the stage of generalization, "a return to romanticism with the added advantage of classified ideas and relevant technique." In this division of education into its rhythmic cycles Professor Whitehead gives what might almost be used as a plan for parents to follow in considering their children's needs. If they wished to get down to cases they might say: for children up to twelve, the modern "progressive" school; from twelve to seventeen, the old-fashioned, "classical" school; after seventeen, elective study under guidance. But it is not quite so easy as that since, as Professor Whitehead says, in discussing the stage of

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precision, "To speak the truth, except in the rare case of genius in the teacher, I do not think that it is possible to take a whole class very far along the road of precision without some dulling of the interest. It is the unfortunate dilemma that initiative and training are both necessary, and that training is likely to kill initiative."

Further chapters on the relation of technical education to science and literature, on the place of classics in education, the mathematical curriculum and the function of universities, and three final chapters, which bear more immediate relation to Whitehead's recent book, "Science and the Modern World," amplify the original idea.

It would be pleasant to quote Professor Whitehead at length. But it is more practical to commend his book most earnestly to the attention of parents and teachers. It is written with beautiful simplicity and clarity, and is, to us, the most valuable and stimulating book on education which we have read. A rich man, honestly interested in the education of American youth, could not spend money to better advantage than in buying copies of "The Aims of Education" for, say, two thousand leading American teachers. Through it they and, through them, their pupils, should grow in wisdom and stature.

Belinda. By HILAIRE BELLOC: Harper. Published April 19.

BELINDA MONTGOMERY (for such was our heroine's name) dwelt among more or less untrodden ways in a stately mansion known as The Towers. And Horatio Maltravers (for such was our hero's unwieldy cognomen) lived obscurely in the debt-encrusted cradle of his ancient race. They met; they loved. Belinda's parent forbade further meetings but permitted correspondence. The villyun, who sought Belinda's hand *and fortune,* aided by an unscrupulous solicitor and a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances, intercepted the correspondence. Misunderstanding arose. The maiden pined; the lover rode away. But love will find a way. In the pleasant land of France whither the steam packet from Dover had borne them severally, and each seeking to assuage grief in foreign travel, Belinda and Horatio met. The elegant Marquise, to whom Horatio, at what risk to his person, had been of service, and the stern parent, whose demeanor concealed a tender heart, smiled on their union which was blessed by a priest of the Anglican communion whose presence in that papistical country was the result of the author's foresight. Such is the

(Please Turn to Page 30)

Foreign Propaganda

As Seen in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, besides being the British Chancellor of the Exchequer and regarded by many observers here as a future Prime Minister, is one of the best of British journalists. Whatever he publishes is sure to be interesting, to the point and written with color and dash. "The Aftermath, 1918-1928" (Scribner) is no exception. It is, in many ways, the most important political publication of the year. It casts a clear light into many dark corners of recent history and does a very satisfactory job in exculpating Mr. Churchill of all blame and responsibility in the imposition of a heavy indemnity on Germany, the post-Armistice blockade of Germany and the interventions in Russia. In this sense, his book is "propaganda" for the political career of the author, but propaganda based on the truth.

In the field of Anglo-American relations, Mr. Churchill does good service in combatting the "Sunday School version" of the Treaty of Versailles. He sees our war-time President as a man of great abilities and some limitations, a good negotiator and an honorable colleague. Nor does he run to the silly extreme of blaming upon Wilsonian idealism everything that went wrong after the Treaty. This, with slight modifications, is the official Washington attitude toward Wilson's Parisian venture. That his policy, so far as the United States was concerned, was based upon misconceptions of political facts is obvious from the history of the rejection of the Treaty.

As a companion piece to "The Aftermath," we can consider Arthur Ponsonby's "Falsehood in Wartime" (Dutton), an excellent exposé of the workings of official propaganda in the World War. Mr. Ponsonby served in the Foreign Office under Ramsay McDonald and is today a Labor Member of Parliament. Most of his sources of information are British and, while he ventures to cite instances of mendacity from French, German, Italian and American sources, his book is chiefly valuable as an indictment of British belligerent mythology.

Salvador de Madariaga's "Disarmament" (Coward-McCann) is written by a violent partisan of the League of Nations, a Latin, a critic of Anglo-Saxondom, who sets out by asserting that he is impartial and that what he says is, therefore, to be heeded. He sets out with the statement that partial disarmament is absurd. He writes engagingly enough and some of his comments are shrewd. It is only where he sets down the obstacles to disarmament and states that the United States and Great Britain are the principal obstructionists, while France and Spain are absolutely on the right track, that his bias becomes so evident as to discredit his self-confessed "impartiality."

"Augur" is the pseudonym of a gentleman now resident in England, who enjoys the confidence of the British Foreign Office and rejoices in the sturdy Anglo-Saxon name of Poliakoff. He is one of those "Augurs" who are constantly boring from within. He is anti-Soviet and anti-German to his fingertips and is adept in interpreting his current political prejudices in terms flattering to British self-interest. His "Soviet vs. Civilization" and "Germany and Europe" have enjoyed a moderate succès d'estime, and now here he is again with "Eagles, Black and White: The Fight for the Sea" (Appleton). This is a strong defense of the Polish Corridor and of Polish naval expansion in the Baltic, and an urgent statistical argument against Germany's ambition to recover Danzig and hitch up her East Prussian territory with the body of the Reich. As this is one of the least defensible territorial arrangements of Versailles, it is the key to Germany's drive for revision of the 1919 verdict.

Mr. Ralph Warren Hills's privately published "Side-Lights on Reparations" discredits the entire American policy toward German reparations. Mr. Hills was formerly in the American diplomatic service and served in the Military Intelligence during the War. He considers the whole Treaty of Versailles as tainted with fraud, signed under duress and hence not legally binding upon Germany. He declares that by assenting to the post-Armistice blockade of Germany, the United States lent its support to this settlement and notes that this Government agreed to the decision of the London Conference which set German Reparations at the figure of $33,000,000,000. Mr. Hills is inclined to overstress his points and is open to the charge of "crank," but his arguments are based upon the principle of international law and afford a welcome variant to the conventional debt propaganda of both parties to the debt and reparations controversies.

J. S. C.

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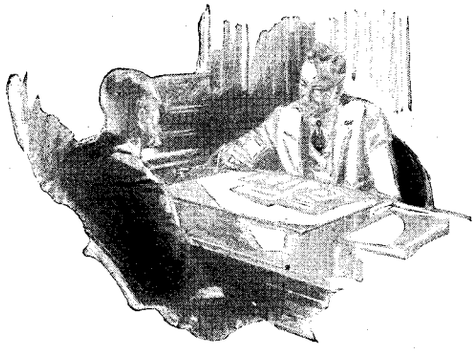
"His Prescription for Himself was 'Independence at Sixty'"



"I started off by diagnosing his means."

SIGMUND OJSERKIS, President of the Boardwalk National Bank, Atlantic City, N. J., tells how he diagnosed a doctor's financial health.

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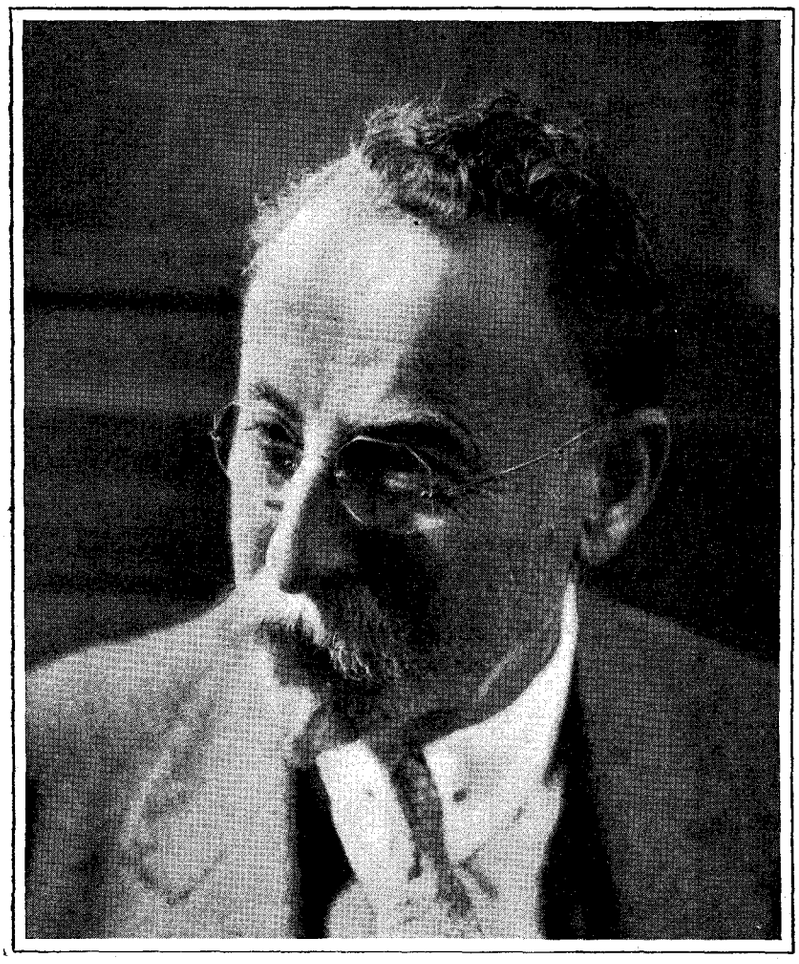

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 28)

idyllic story of this sonorous burlesque upon the blood and lavender novels of our great grandparents. At first apparently a transcription and arrangement of actual phrases from forgotten books, it appears on closer reading to be a lovely piece of prose as well as a delicious parody, and a book which must have been great fun to write. The absurd courtship, bombastic misunderstanding and virginal reunion of the swooning heroine and Byronic hero conceal universal emotions. And the studied artificiality of the writing is a delicate satire upon contemporary literature and suggests that our intellectual and artistic clichés may sound as silly to 2000 A.D. as those of 1830 sound to us.

Tomorrow Never Comes. By R. L. Duffus: Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50. Reviewed by Milton Byron.

Here is a novel that can be recommended unqualifiedly. It is a gusty tale of love and high adventure during one mad week in a purely fictional Latin-American country. Love, conspiracy and revolution are cleverly blended into a fast-moving story that appeals to almost every emotion. The author has an uncanny insight into the Latin-American temperament as well as the issues that motivate their revolutions, and he presents them with a slight breath of polite burlesque. It is sharply satirical and yet it requires careful reading to be sure where sincerity leaves off and irony begins. The characterization is little short of perfect, the dialogue is scintillating, the plot original and well worked out, and there is an unusually well balanced ratio of humor and pathos. Getting away to an intensely dramatic start, it takes the reader through a series of adventures that provide either a thrill or a smile on almost every page.

The Prince or Somebody. By Louis Golding: Knopf. $2.50. Published April 19.

The bewilderment of the young Englishman, Benedict Wain, from whose point of view this story of a lady and her loves is told, elicits our sympathy. We have been confused to the point of tedium by this book of Louis Golding's, and not the least bewildering thing about it is why Mr. Golding should waste his graceful gift of prose upon such nonsense. The book has two things to recommend it. The first is that gift of Mr. Golding's: he has a fine feeling for color in language, and if his manner is a little strained, it is still fluent enough to give pleasure. The second is the setting: the Tyrol, used to advantage in "The Miracle Boy," still stands him in good stead here. But the characters are dull. The Princess Merryl, whom Ben thinks of as a "grande amoureuse," but who might be more briefly described and in English, is one of those intolerable ladies who leaps from fad to fad, place to place, lover to lover, idea to idea, and subject to subject as insubstantially and as distressingly as a flea. The lovers that appear are morose or noisy madmen; the local peasantry, as wooden as their carved animals if as gaily colored as their painted houses; and Ben Wain, for all that he provides the angle of narration, is not alive. And the dialogue is an infelicitous combination of the chatter of flappers and the maunderings of inebriated intelligentsia. And the story reduced us to incoherence. If Mr. Golding intended to satirize the feminine type he portrays—the lady who hopes to find the "prince" of lovers but who must, anyway, have "somebody," he did well, but the book is not

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Poetry

Mutability

'Tis Difference the mind delights:
Outward scenes and inward sights
Being every way at odds,
Mortals then show likest gods,
Attaining that equivalence
Through divinest Difference.

Lap in whispering snows, the while
To muse some warm Ægean isle,
Or in rose-hid paths remember
Old silent ruin of December—
Thus to charm our musing sense
Knows delightful Difference.

So with love: if she be shy,
Woo her hot, cold, moist and dry,
Lest but one of these should pall;
Love ten ways or not at all;
For love itself lacks permanence
Lacking constant Difference.

Percy Mackaye.

Red Phildy's Song

O, Boys, the Times I've seen!
The things I've done and known!
If you knew where I have been,
Or half the joys I have had,
You never would leave me alone;
But pester me to tell,
Swearing to keep it dark,
What . . . but I know too well:
Every solicitor's clerk
Would break out, and go mad;
And all the dogs would bark!

There was a young fellow of old
Who spoke of a wonderful town,
Built on a lake of gold,
With many a barge and raft
Afloat in the cooling sun;
And lutes upon the lake
Played by such courtesans,
The sight was enough to take
The reason out of a man's
Brain, and to leave him daft
Babbling of lutes and fans.

The tale was right enough:
Willows and orioles,
And ladies skilled in love;
But they listened only to smirk,
For he spoke to incredulous fools;
And, maybe, was sorry he spoke
For no one believes in Joys,
And Peace on Earth is a joke,
Which, anyway, telling destroys:
So better go on with your work;
But Boys, O Boys, O Boys!

Oliver F. Gogarty.

1.

I got so I could hear his name
Without—tremendous gain!—
That stop-sensation in my soul,
And thunder in the room.

I got so I could walk across
That angle in the floor
Where he turned—so—and I turned—
how—
And all our sinew tore.

I got so I could stir the box
In which his letters grew,
Without that forcing of the breath
As staples driven through . . . .

2.

I took one draught of life,
I'll tell you what I paid,
Precisely an existence—
The market price, they said.

They weighed me, dust by dust,
They balanced film with film,
They handed me my being's worth—
A single dram of heaven.

3.

Beauty is not caused,
It is.
Chase it and it ceases.
Chase it not and it abides.
Overtake the creases
In the meadow when
The Wind
Runs his fingers thro' it?
Deity will see to it
That you never do it.

4.

I've known a Heaven like a tent
To wrap its shining yards,
Pluck up its stakes and disappear
Without the sound of boards
Or rip of nail, or carpenter,
But just the miles of stare
That signalize a show's retreat
In North America.
No trace, no figment of the thing
That dazzled yesterday,
No ring, no marvel;
Men and feats
Dissolved as utterly
As bird's far navigation
Discloses just a hue;
A plash of oars—a gayety,
Then swallowed up to view.

Emily Dickinson.

From "Further Poems of Emily Dickinson," edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. (Courtesy Little, Brown & Co., Publishers.)

New Crowell Books

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IF Mr. Kenyon Nicholson, one-time author of "The Barker," is to be judged by his new play, "Before You're Twenty-five," he doesn't want so much to tell the truth as he wants to prove it—which, as every writer on psychology knows, is a very different matter. Seldom have we seen a play which was so well written and at times so interesting and entertaining, that also managed to exhibit such extreme signs of artistic immaturity.

Apparently, the first thing that Mr. Nicholson wants to prove is that every man who has a glimpse of what he thinks is his individual truth (before he is twenty-five) must realize after that age that he was mistaken and must abandon his dream. The second is the statement which he puts in the mouth of one of his characters: "If you're not a Socialist before you're twenty-five, you have no heart; if you are a Socialist after twenty-five, you have no head." Third is the general thesis that love which is not conventionalized by marriage is necessarily a youthful, selfish, and half-baked emotion, and needs only to be attacked by jealousy to run to cover and hide beneath the possessive instinct.

Taking all these three convictions, Mr. Nicholson has constructed a tale which in its essence is the endeavor of a conventional Chicago family to compel their radical young, free-love son to marry the girl of his choice—by whom he already has a baby and whom he already considers his mate. This endeavor lasts throughout three acts and runs up against as many amusing and farcical obstacles as Mr. Nicholson can devise: which include the arm of the law (for the son is a radical publisher of a much prosecuted magazine); two ministers, one of whom used to be in love with the bride; at least three quarrels and changes of heart on the part of the two young people involved; and, finally, an imminent departure for California on the part of the hero, leaving behind the baby and the young lady.

Since both father and mother are extremely conventional, it is easy to imagine the anguish induced by all of these complications; since the son and his sweetheart and their illegitimate child are visiting the family all the time in the family's conventional North Shore Drive home in Chicago.

It is funny, of course. And yet, somehow Mr. Nicholson overdoes it; so much so that the hero finally becomes rather a tragic figure, and considerably of a fool as well. In a sense, he proves all his own points, but at the price of all artistic pretension and human truth.

These reflections, more or less regretfully arrived at, are greatly reinforced by the effect produced upon us by the Theatre Guild's latest offering, "The Camel Through the Needle's Eye," a comedy by Frantisek Langer.

Here is a play which tries only to amuse, which endeavors to prove nothing, which is as artless and engaging as youth itself, and which nevertheless manages to be artistically convincing and wholesome, without a single psychological or moral "pointer" in it.

In one of Prague's street cellars, a very rich and humorously speechless young man meets his modern Cinderella and promptly invites her to leave her gorgeously dishonest and scientifically poor parents (they are street beggars), and go live with him in luxury and sin. This she promptly proceeds to do, to the great joy of all concerned, including all the young man's high-born friends.

Only one person is dismayed: the rich young man's very rich father. To this gentleman's insinuations that Cinderella is merely mercenary and in reality is living upon his money, not his son's, the young Cinderella retorts by leaving the abode of luxury at once and taking the now not so speechless young man to a model dairy which they set up upon the money she has made as a result of the financial tips of the young man's high-born friends. Here again they live in sin and the utmost happiness, until finally the once speechless young man becomes completely a mature personage and marries the young lady of his choice, kicks out his father, and disappears from view, dominating everybody in the play, including the gorgeously dishonest parents of the bride.

The play doesn't prove a thing except that two young people in love with each other find life so exceedingly attractive that they can do with marriage or without marriage, with money or without money, and that their adventures meanwhile, provided they are attractive people in themselves, are infinitely attractive to everybody else. If these two plays are an example of the difference in treatment which results when an ordinary American playwright and an ordinary European playwright view radical young love, we should say that the honors still lie all with Europe.

"The Camel Through the Needle's Eye," is a very diverting affair.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Thru Different Eyes"

IT'S getting a little difficult to dole out to court-room pictures their just meed of praise or blame. There have been so many of them that in trying to review one the critic is likely to get all balled up and write a composite comment on at least six.

"Thru Different Eyes" is an all-talking picture that uses the identical method of "On Trial" and "The Bellamy Trial" and then amplifies it. In "Thru Different Eyes" one sees the murder as the defense attorney imagines it, then as the prosecutor pictures it and, later, as it really happened.

Mary Duncan, Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe and (in a small part) Earle Foxe give finished performances and the story is distinctly interesting. It's the first picture of the kind that has called for varying impersonations on the actors' part and, as the action develops, one grows positively impatient to see in what guise the characters appear next.

The recording is good, as is John Blystone's direction. We recommend "Thru Different Eyes" as a good show.

Mixed Emotions

WE PRINT, without comment, the following:

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR SIR:

Permit me to share your interest in Garbo. My experience goes back to the old Daly and Empire Stock Co. days and I don't recall another one who has puzzled me quite so much. Bernhart was a freak, but there was no mystery about it as her "golden voice and peculiar mannerisms put her outside the pale of other mortals." But this Garbo freak I can't add up to make any sense, as I don't agree with the critics that she can act and is beautiful. I saw somewhere that about a year ago she was awarded the Motion Picture Guild gold medal for the best acting of 1927. What for? Acting implies versatility, doesn't it? If she can be anything successfully but herself I miss my guess. And beautiful? Just pick her to pieces and you will see that she hasn't a single redeeming feature. Hatchet face, convex forehead, small eyes, and oh, that subway! Yes, it's the sweetest mouth in the movies, but she can hide a tennis ball in it. And then say she is beautiful! So is Will Rogers. No sir; all the screen's loveliest lady has is personal magnetism (whatever that is.) She is a decidedly neurotic Ibsen type, excessively feminine without a trace of vulgarity, and the pity of it is that the magnates will not realize her limitations until it is too late. Now she is being forced on the public as an "exotic" and we will see Hollywood history repeating itself. You have said somewhere that some day she will get a picture that will be worthy of her and make history. Here is my suggestion: "Trilby!" This summer when you go out to Hollywood you will possibly run into George Arliss out there. Just see what he thinks about it with himself as "Svengali." Too good to be true, of course. But anyway it's something to give an old timer a thrill to think about.

"Yours for fewer and better pictures"

HENDRIK VANDERVEER.

"The Duke Steps Out"

WITH ALL the good pictures that there are to see in New York at the present moment, we had to go and choose this irritating opus. We did so because we read Lucian Cary's brilliant story of the same name, and because we're always interested to see what William Haines is getting from his employers.

Having sat through the mutilation of a fine yarn and seen William trot out all his oldest and vilest low-comedy tricks, we reach the conclusion that his good pictures don't sell as well as his bad ones; consequently, we assume, he will appear exclusively in bad pictures henceforward. He will appear in no worse pictures than "The Duke Steps Out" because this would be impossible; but, passing over this point, we have this to say: No more William Haines pictures will be attended by this department, except after consultation with trusted confederates, who will reassure us regarding same.

We Recommend

The Trial of Mary Dugan: This department's favorite talkie at this writing.

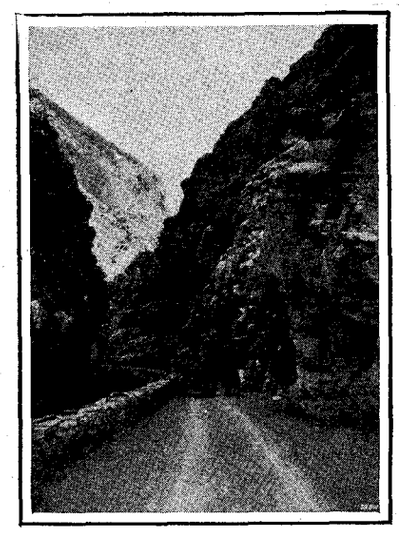
Coquette: MARY PICKFORD should be seen and MARY PICKFORD should be heard.

The Iron Mask: MARY PICKFORD'S husband is good, too. Better, in fact, than ever.

The Broadway Melody: There's nothing else quite like this talking, singing, dancing, panoramic show. See it.

The Divine Lady: Lovers of the silent drama can do no better. FRANK LLOYD directed and did it superbly.

The Letter: The best acting on Broadway. JEANNE EAGLES, O. P. HEGGIE, HERBERT MARSHALL AND REGINALD OWEN.



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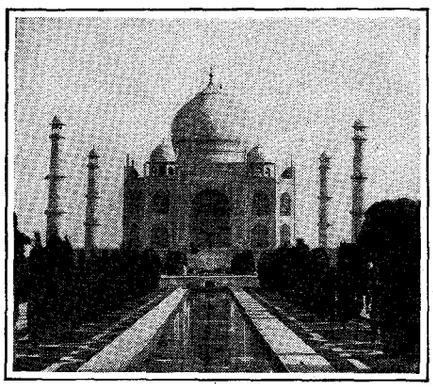

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

YOU may be interested to know that the National Cash Register Company has added to its products the National Accounting Machine, formerly known as the Ellis Adding-Typewriter. It does typewriting, bookkeeping and accounting, and is adjustable to a wide range of forms. Our only objection to it is that among other uses, it seems to make it easier for firms to get out their bills, and we're against anything of that kind. We get enough bills now. What we want is a machine that will simplify paying them.

ALTHOUGH we are engaged in searching out for your instruction and entertainment whatsoever things are new and interesting, we can't help feeling that the deplorable tendency to run after new things, simply because they are new, is growing. This is partly due to the manufacturers, who insist on giving everything "style," simply to increase sales by making you feel that all your possessions, dating from more than a few years back, are out of date. They may be just as useful, comfortable or convenient as they ever were, but now they make them with two notches on the left side and a black line around the middle, and if you use one that has no notches and two black lines, you're simply antiquated. All this was brought home to us the other day when we heard a lady, in a store which specializes in Oriental *ôbjets d'art,* say to the clerk: "What have you new today in Buddhas?" The clerk, obviously no stylist, explained carefully just why nothing new in Buddhas was obtainable, and the lady, with a disgruntled snort, left without purchasing. What she wanted was a brand new 1929 model Buddha, and she intended to shop until she got it. You can't blame her. A good part of her education has been obtained from advertisements and show windows, which have taught her, among other more worth-while things, that only novelty is desirable. And why laugh at her for seeking novelty in Buddhas when, as we told you last week, the stylists have taken hold of the Bible? Not that there's anything wrong with a Bible in a colored binding. But we'll bet that lots of people will buy the colored Bibles just because they're new, when they've got a perfectly good black one gathering dust on the top shelf of the bookcase at home.

By all of which we mean to say that it seems poor sense to throw away your grandmother's paring knife and buy one with a colored handle and probably a much poorer cutting edge, just because you've read that colored things are being used nowadays in the kitchen.

THERE IS a china orange and lemon juice extractor which is made with a strainer attached to it, so that when you've squeezed the fruit you just tip up the extractor and pour the juice directly through the strainer into the glass.

THE GARMENTAIRE clothes bag holds six hangers. In the bottom is a place to which you can attach the hose of a vacuum cleaner. In the bag are crystals which, when the bag is attached to the blower end of the cleaner, evaporate into fumes that kill moths and moth eggs. Blankets also can be aired in the bag by attaching it to the suction end of the cleaner.

IF YOUR fountain pen leaks on you and you've the unfortunate habit of spilling soup, salad dressing and other comestibles on your front, and if you occasionally lean up against freshly painted railings, you ought to get the Spotless House set of cleaners. There are six different cleaners in the set, and there's sure to be one for practically anything you can get into.

A SET of seven reproductions in color of original water colors by Frank Lemon of celebrated airplane flights, are obtainable at Wanamaker's. Included are Lindbergh's flight, the Wright Brothers' plane at Kitty Hawk in 1903, Bleriot crossing the Channel in 1909 and the Kingsford-Smith flight to Australia.

CHROMIUM plate is being used a great deal now instead of nickel in bathroom fixtures. It is more expensive, but it will never tarnish or become dim or wear off, since it is considerably harder than steel. It is only within the past few years that a practical way for plating other metals with chromium has been worked out. It has a more bluish lustre than nickel.

THE EDICRAFT SIPHONATOR is a coffee machine which makes coffee by the drip method. It is square and has two spigots, one for the coffee, the other for hot water with which to dilute coffee or make tea.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Too Much

SOME ONE sat one day near the table of a casino and thought about luck. It was desultory thinking. Even here, in the palace of Luck, it was difficult to find out what the god looked like. And his behavior in his own home was even more unaccountable.

Some one watched that stony-hearted fellow, the croupier, marking up the numbers; and then turned to look out of doors at the careless spring sunshine of the Riviera. Luck was about as inhuman as the sunlight, and as hard to explain. Back at the table the wheel was turning smartly. Now it was losing momentum—now it had stopped—no it hadn't. Now. Well, you never could tell.

A man came in at that moment from the outside. He moved slowly and seemed a little dazed, as though the bright spring sunshine had been too much for him, as though he had been suddenly excited by life and it had been too much for him. He sat down rather deliberately, still dazed and tired looking, and for a moment stared at nothing in particular.

Some one watching him thought, he's looking at something inside. Funny thing how people go carrying around a lot of inside stuff to be looked at, and might as well be behind a brick wall. No one ever the wiser. This man, now. Nice looking, quiet fellow—a little over middle age, perhaps. And not the lucky kind. But then you never could tell. Often those indifferent, tired-looking guys fooled you.

The man who had come in out of the sunlight leaned back slightly and slowly put his hand into his trouser pocket. He withdrew his hand and counted what was there. Ten—twenty—thirty—forty. Forty thousand francs. He nodded at the croupier and chose a number. He staked his forty thousand and dropped his head into his hands, the better to stare so fixedly at nothing.

"He don't give a damn," thought some one. "What's on his mind now?" And himself leaned closer to watch the wheel.

At this moment Luck yawned in his palace and rose from his throne. The wheel stopped suddenly. The forty thousand francs had won.

"Gee," thought some one, and looked at the man who had staked them. Everybody looked at him. The croupier looked at him. But still the man sat there and stared at whatever it was, no one could see.

"He don't give a damn," repeated some one to himself. The croupier shrugged; then added to the forty thousand francs enough of the winnings to make the maximum amount allowed on any number. The winner still said nothing, although to some one it might have been noticeable that he nodded an indifferent assent.

Luck stretched himself and laughed. Again the wheel stopped at the chosen number. There was a rustle of uneasiness around the table. The croupier jerked his head expectantly in the direction of the man who had won. But the man who had won seemed only to rest more comfortably upon his supporting hands. Still sat and stared at nothing.

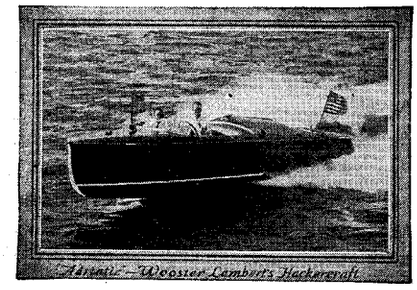
AGAIN the wheel turned, carrying the maximum amount on the same number. Once more it stopped and the number had won. By now Luck was standing behind the winner's chair. He laid a hand upon the tired shoulder and leaned over the bent head. Luck was almost invisible. Again the number won. And then again. And still again.

With each turn of the wheel the pile of winnings grew higher. Around the table excitement rose like a prairie wind, and burst and scattered in indignation. How could he sit like that and give no sign? No sign except that barely perceptible nod of acquiescence.

Luck leaned closer until he breathed into the man's hair. The chameleon god was delighted and piqued. Would nothing make the fellow pay attention? Was he beyond surprises? Superior to fortune? Very well, let the wheel turn. Let it stop always at that lucky number, kissed by forty thousand francs—and the maximum.

But some one could bear it no longer. Here was a fortune piled up in a breath of time! What was the man looking at so intently that he could take no notice of a million francs? Some one drew his breath sharply and leaned over close to that speculative figure resting his head so quietly in his hands. Some one nudged him in excitement. And drew back uttering a sharp cry.

The casino of a sudden was in a turmoil. It was little wonder that no one noticed the figure of Luck flying the premises—grinning over his shoulder like a skeleton, at that other skeleton of Death.



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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 30)

pointed for satire. Nor for tragedy although there is bleak tragedy in it. Therein lies probably Mr. Golding's most serious fault as a novelist. One never knows what he meant to do.

Diana. By HEINRICH MANN: Coward-McCann. $2.50. Published April 25. Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.

DIANA is the third of Heinrich Mann's early novels to be published within a few months. It is the first part, complete in itself, of a trilogy, "Die Göttingen." "Diana," like "Mother Mary" and "The Land of Cockaigne," bears the banner of the de-Prussianized liberal, the humanitarian and anti-bourgeois.

Unlike his other social satires, this book of Mann's has historical authenticity. It revolves about the political destiny of the kingdom of Dalmatia during the fringe of the last century. The Diana who plays so mercurial a rôle in the fluctuating stability of this Adriatic dynasty, is the impetuous and beautiful Duchess Violante of Assy, whom history has only mentioned in passing. The Actæon of the piece is a certain perfervid Doctor Pavic, friend of the people, insurrectionist, sensualist and coward, who inspires the moping duchess to subsidize a revolution against the king in the cause of Slavic independence. The subsequent failure of the rebels and their flight to Rome create a fresh series of entanglements with Church and press which keep the novel moving.

After sacrificing her fortune and her chastity, the Duchess comes to the conclusion that people can't even be bribed to accept justice. "Apparently they are used to being plundered." This is Mann's indictment of the mentally unwashed.

The courtly and clerical persons about whom this vivid novel is wrapped are less individuals than caricatures of themselves. Even when Mann is in dead earnest the reader looks for double meanings. Although there is no reason to doubt that the Slavs and Latins of "Diana" are real, you feel that Mann is using them as cards in a game of solitaire which he always wins. They have reality but no volition.

There are many admirable qualities in Mann's smooth prose which evidence a fine though not too original talent. For these he is indebted in no small measure to Anatole France whom he greatly admired and was one of the first to translate into German.

It will be unfortunate if a writer with so sharp an eye for the grotesqueries and depravities of society is finally drawn into the whirlpool of his own curses. In his zeal to chastise those simpletons who have fallen out of his political good graces, Mann forgets that he is a novelist and will not forget that he was once a journalist.

Treadmill. By LOLA JEAN SIMPSON: Macmillan. $2.00. Reviewed by MILTON BYRON.

"TREADMILL" is the story of the gradual disillusionment and breaking down of a young girl in her first teaching position. It is, in effect, a scathing exposé of the educational system employed in small-town high schools. The inevitable breaking of the spirit and complete subjugation of the individuality of the teachers provides a vivid background for a naïve and wholesome love story. The characters are distinctly real, and the point, for the book is almost purely thematic, is thoroughly but unobtrusively driven home. It is critical without being caustic, and its dramatic power is due largely to its simplicity.

Angels and Earthly Creatures. By ELINOR WYLIE: Knopf. $2.50. Reviewed by J. DANA TASKER.

UNTIL THE present volume, as arranged by the author the day before her sudden death last December, Elinor Wylie's poetry has wavered curiously between profundity and obscurity; she has been acclaimed, doubtfully, as the creator of the *brittle lyric*. Her earlier work neither satisfied the modern confessional mood nor struck the attitude of philosophical abstraction. There was enough of emotional experience and a sufficient depth of thought to make her work perfectly uneven, occasionally unintelligible, yet always interesting and seemingly important.

In the poems about "Angels and Earthly Creatures" Elinor Wylie is at last fully expressive. Perhaps something of the suspected importance is lost in the clarity of the new verse, but many positive qualities of excellence are revealed. From a point of workmanship this volume far surpasses the poet's earlier efforts; here is evidence that Elinor Wylie can write memorable lyric verse. Most significant is the achievement of such a mystical poem as "This Corruptible," many previous endeavors in this direction having lost themselves in a maze of words. There is no groping for the exact measure of a prescient idea; the author proceeds directly with "the Mind severe and cold; the Heart still half a fool; the fine-spun Soul," and succeeds in giving a definite impression. "Hymn to Earth" is probably the best lyric in the book, and it has a quality of impersonal ego which comes very close to the true identity of the poet. Interestingly, Angels are better done than Earthly Creatures. From the opening nineteen sonnets to the closing "Little Elegy" this collection of poems is consistently expressive of Elinor Wylie's extraordinary personality.

Forthcoming Books

A Preface to Morals. By WALTER LIPPMANN: Macmillan. May 1.

One of Those Ways. By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES: Knopf. May 3.

Travels in the Congo. By ANDRE GIDE: Knopf. May 3.

On the Bottom. By LIEUT. COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG: Houghton, Mifflin. May 3.

I Like Diving. By THOMAS EADIE: Houghton, Mifflin. May 3.

Crimes of Violence and of Vengeance. By H. ASHTON-WOLFE. Houghton, Mifflin. May 3.

People and Places. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING: Dutton. May 3.

Murder by the Clock. By RUFUS KING: Doubleday, Doran. May 3.

Beethoven: A Biography

(Continued from Page 11)

at war with him. And more and more he came to feel that certain questionable actions were fair in war, especially when the odds stood: one against the world.

Nevertheless it is hard to overestimate the gain which resulted for music from Beethoven's deafness. It weaned him away from the distractions of piano virtuosity, just as the accidental injury to Robert Schumann's finger was to wean him, some decades later. It threw him wholly into composition. By accident, it enabled him to free creative music from the evil and old tradition that composer and interpreter should be one and the same person. Voluntarily this emancipator freed the composer from the disadvantage of being a servant. Involuntarily he freed him from the incubus of being an executant. Thus he prepared the way for non-virtuoso composers like Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner, Lalo and Stravinsky.

His deafness freed music in yet another way. When he ceased to play the piano, Beethoven stopped writing solo pieces with any "occasional" taint—pieces for the advertisement and display of his own dexterity at the keyboard. This change was also dictated by the independent quality of his

(Please Turn to Page 38)

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Which Way Hoover

(*Continued from Page 5*)

high wages are paid by all of them. Yet it was not so long ago that Mr. Ford stood the American business world on its head by announcing that he would pay his workers five dollars a day. International co-operation must be based upon sound business principles, not on American charity. It would be worse than futile to proceed upon the theory that the United States should always yield in any controversy. Nor is a spirit of compromise enough. The problem is to build something new, not to redivide what we already have.

If Mr. Hoover, during his allotted years in the White House, can devise a method of applying to international life the co-operative principles which are as yet but imperfectly understood even in our own National life, he will go down in history a far more imposing figure than the mere founder of an American empire. His mental equipment, his training and his experience qualify him as few men could be qualified to undertake such a task. His election to the Presidency just at this time brings him to immediate grips with the problem, a problem which at one and the same time offers as great perplexities and as great opportunities as any that ever faced a statesman.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Hoover's own inclination would be to avoid the temptation of almost limitless power and to attempt a solution of the problem along new lines which might lead not only to peace and prosperity but even to a new era of civilization. To pursue his inclination, however, Mr. Hoover must be enabled to hold in check the forces in our own country which will press for a solution along the old and fatal lines—the lines which invariably lead governments into economic competition and peoples into war. Only with the support which will enable him to hold these forces in check at home, can he use the power of this country to neutralize or divert into constructive channels the corresponding forces in other countries.

The question, "Which way Hoover?" is a pertinent one. The power and authority of the Presidency vest his leadership with an unmeasurable influence. The greater question—the question the answer to which may determine not only Mr. Hoover's place in history but that of the United States as well—is "Which way America?"

If Americans, not only individually but collectively, can cultivate a will to peace, a spirit of good will in every human relation, the answer will not be very hard to find.

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Beethoven: A Biography

(*Continued from Page 36*)

powerful personality. Most of the compositions of Bach, Haydn and Mozart had been strongly influenced, if not activated, by their own virtuosity and by the posts they held. Mozart, it is true, had made a beginning, toward the end of his career, in composing from pure inclination. But Beethoven was the first important composer to throw the full weight of his influence toward establishing the art on a basis of music for music's sake. He was the first to refuse orders which did not rhyme with inspiration, and he refused not a few. In struggling free of outer compulsion, and writing the bulk of his work from inner compulsion alone, without regard to considerations of virtuosity, he signed music's declaration of independence.

There have been many theories about the immediate cause of Beethoven's deafness. The Fischer manuscript says it began when he came in overheated one day in 1796, undressed to his trousers, and cooled off in a draught.

Writing in 1814, Dr. Weissenbach attributed it to a severe attack of typhus which Ludwig may have had in adolescence. In a letter to Wegeler, Beethoven, as we have seen, blamed it upon those troubles in the abdomen which started in the Bonn days. But, in 1815, he provided Charles Neate, the English pianist, with the least plausible account of all. He told how, in the course of writing an opera, "not 'Fidelio,'"[1] he had trouble with the first tenor, who insisted upon having his part changed. Finally the fellow knocked at the door once too often. "I sprang up from table under such an excitement of rage, that, as the man entered the room, I threw myself upon the floor as they do upon the stage (here Beethoven spread his arms and made a gesture of illustration), coming down upon my hands. When I arose I found myself deaf and have been so ever since. The physicians say the nerve is injured."

Incidentally a body of literature has grown up about the questions: did Beethoven suffer from some venereal disease? And, if so, what were its reactions upon his body and mind? From a study of the available documents the writer has formed the conclusion that Beethoven was highly sexed and non-ascetic; that it is extremely probable though not certain, that he suffered from some venereal disease, acquired or inherited, though which it is impossible, with our present data, to specify. And, finally, that the cirrhosis of the liver, of which he died in 1827, may have been caused, wholly or in part, by a venereal disease. But it is almost certain that his deafness was not so caused.[2]

Like most geniuses, Beethoven was highly susceptible to the appeal of sex. From an early age he was always in a state of emotion due to one love affair or another. "There was never a time" according to his boyhood friend, Dr. Wegeler, "when Beethoven was not in love, and that in the highest degree." Occasionally he "made a conquest which would have been difficult if not impossible for many an Adonis." In touching on his relations with women, most of Beethoven's biographers suddenly purse up their lips and mumble their words. Thayer, for example, becomes stilted and mutters: "Let such matters, even if details concerning them were more obtainable, be forgotten." This suggests a bigoted Puritanism which must somewhat impair the truth of any biography.

M. Vincent D'Indy writes of him as "a being eminently chaste." He "could not conceive sensual love otherwise than according to the commandants of God—solely in marriage." Herr Paul Bekker, too, would like almost to unsex Beethoven and his music. "Beethoven's relations with women arose naturally from his friendly impulses . . . Love was never the driving force in his purposes . . . His music is outside the realm of sexual impulses." As if any lasting art product could exist outside this realm! Later on Herr Bekker, growing dimly conscious of his error, adds, without realizing the contradiction, "The erotic instinct in him, sublimated, soars to the heights."

The kernel of truth in the contentions of those who would make Beethoven a Galahad is that he undeniably had loftier sexual ideals than most men. In one of his "Sketch Books" for 1817 we find this entry: "Sensual gratification without union of souls is and remains bestial. One experiences afterwards no trace of a noble sentiment; on the contrary only penitence."

Ferdinand Ries, who knew the Master during his prime declared that Beethoven "was fond of the company of women, especially if they had young and pretty faces, and generally when we passed a somewhat charming girl he would turn back and gaze keenly at her through his glasses, and if he noticed that I was observing him, he would laugh or grin. He was frequently in love, but generally only for a short period. Once when I twitted him about his conquest of a pretty woman he admitted that she had held him in the strongest bonds for the longest time, viz. fully seven months."

A great deal of mythological balderdash has been written about Beethoven's affairs of the heart. The plain fact is that these adventures never played any prominently important or long-continued rôle in his scheme of things.

One of the first anecdotes which we have of his relations with women, exhibits that rude factor of moral priggishness which, all through his letters, is like grit in the eyes of those who care for his music. In his late teens Beethoven made a trip with some friends who knew his peculiarities. They bribed a waitress to flirt with him. Meeting with no encouragement, the girl showed more and more initiative. Then suddenly Beethoven turned—and gave her a sonorous box on the ear.

This ungallant incident occurred in 1787. Thirty-six years later a written conversation of the deaf man with his factotum, Schindler, revealed much the same conduct. But this time it was shown toward a woman whom he had passionately loved. With it we find an unpleasing sort of exhibitionist rectitude toward her husband.

The lady was the Countess Gallenberg, who as young Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, had figured in Beethoven's famous letter of 1801 to Wegeler as "a dear, fascinating girl who loves me and whom I love." It is probable that Giulietta was for a short time engaged, or as good as engaged, to Beethoven; but that the match was opposed by her father, who knew that the virtuoso was going deaf, and may have known still more about his health. A little later, at about the time when Beethoven realized that he could never be her husband, he dedicated to her the "Moonlight" sonata.[3] And here is the condensed conversation of 1823, translated from the *mélange* of German and bad French in which it was scribbled:

Beethoven: I was well beloved by her, —more than her husband ever was. However, he [Count Gallenberg] was more her lover than I, but through her I learned of his poverty and I found a man of means who gave me the sum of 500 florins to help him out. He was always my enemy. That was precisely

(*Please Turn to Page 40*)

1. He may have thought of "The Mount of Olives" as a sacred opera.
2. Count Waldstein, Ludwig's first patron, and his senior by only eight years, had been reared in the Bohemian castle of Dux. In 1785, a year or two before he left for Bonn, the famous Casanova had arrived and been appointed librarian of Dux. This rake of sixty, expelled from most of Europe, and worn out by his escapades, had settled down there to write his memoirs. One wonders what sort of influence the magnetic old man exerted on the sensitive character of young Waldstein; and whether any of that influence, transmitted perhaps to Ludwig by his first patron, may have been responsible for his physical misfortunes.
3. Op. 27, No. 2. It was a makeshift dedication, a last-moment substitute for the G major *rondo* which he had intended for Giulietta, but asked back to inscribe, after all, to the Countess Lichnowsky.

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Beethoven: A Biography

(Continued from Page 38)

the reason why I did him all the good in my power . . . . She was his wife before her journey to Italy. Arrived in Vienna,[1] she came to me in tears, but I despised her.

Schindler: Hercules at the crossroads!

Beethoven: And if I had wished to expend my vital powers on that life, what would have remained for that which was nobler and better?

Which looks uncommonly like an expert piece of rationalizing.

Beethoven had many other flames. Several of them, at one time and another, he tried to marry. To Fräulein Magdelena Willmann, an opera singer from his home town, he wrote in 1795 a proposal of marriage. She scornfully left it unanswered "because he was so ugly and half crazy." Pearls before swine! True, but the pearls would have made a most ill-starred wedding gift. A sound instinct underlay Magdelena's stupid words. No woman could have lived for six months with a man of Beethoven's violent and erratic temperament,—a man to whom the relief of frequent tempests of unreasoning rage was a physical necessity,—a man who could brook neither regularity nor monotony nor restraint of any kind.

Therese Malfatti, a girl of fifteen, whom at thirty-nine he wished to marry, had the same sound instinct. He was also in love at various times with two sisters, the Countesses Therese Brunswick and Josephine Deym, with the fascinating little Bettina Brentano who captured Goethe's fancy, and with others. But such relations were on the whole not very satisfying. They yielded him more bitterness than sweetness. There is reason to believe that, as a lover, he was crude and *gauche*—that he was "too rash, too unadvised, too sudden." Naturally this increased his difficulties with the ladies, and forced him, through sublimation, to lavish on his art more energy than he would have chosen. He was enabled to write his greatest works, by the psychic mechanism of compensation. Deaf, ill, eccentric, lonely, unattractive, he was in urgent need of a woman's loving companionship. By sublimating his physical creativeness and making supreme beauty out of it, compensation took the credit and let the cash go.

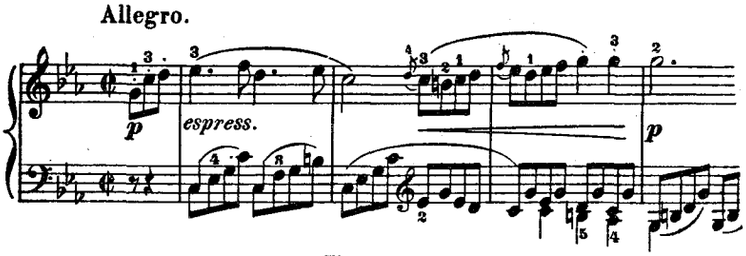
Before he had been long in Vienna, he became such a grotesquely conspicuous figure that it required all of a girl's courage to be seen in public with him. And few were brave enough to take a second walk by the Master's side.

With the years he lost whatever mitigation of his ugliness the freshness of youth had lent him. His relations with women grew correspondingly more difficult. His loss; our gain. If he had possessed Casanova's face, figure and hypnotic power over women, the world would in all likelihood be the poorer today by the "Eroica," the violin concerto, the "Appassionata," the "Missa" and the C sharp minor quartet. But if he had been the coolly sexless sort of person that many of his biographers would like to make him out, he would never have had any biographers.

1. The words "arrived in Vienna" were interpolated by Schindler for clarity.

(To Be Continued)

Allegro.



Erratum

In the preceding installment, page 652 of the April 24th issue, the musical example given should have been as above. The Editors regret the error.

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